# The Outlook

Vol. 68 July 20, 1901 No. 12

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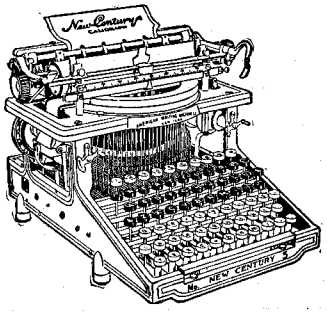

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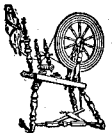

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Published Weekly

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**The Steel Workers' Strike** The failure of the conference at Pittsburg between the representatives of the union workmen and of the companies in the United States Steel Corporation is a serious disappointment to all who had hoped to find in this conference a proof of the feasibility of compromise and discussion. The result will be a strike of large proportions, how large probably will not be known at once, as it is unlikely that the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers (the title of the association of employees) will call out all its men at once, while the possibilities of sympathetic strikes cannot be accurately estimated. It is said by those well acquainted with the situation that from one hundred and twenty thousand to one hundred and forty thousand men will go out on strike almost immediately, and that the number of non-union men who will be compelled to lay aside work because of the strike will swell the number of idle employees to three hundred thousand. It is conceded by both sides that no question of wages or hours of labor is involved. The situation, as we understand it, is this: The United States Steel Corporation, popularly known as the Steel Trust, owns or controls six companies; each of these companies in turn owns or controls several mills; the output of the mills includes tin, sheet-iron, and hoop-steel, as well as other products of the general industry. Some of the mills involved are strictly union mills—that is, no employee can be engaged by the employers unless he be a union man, under penalty of an immediate strike; others are non-union mills, but in most or all of the latter some union men are employed, as the mills are what is called "open"—that is, the labor unions allow their men to work side by side with non-union men. The Amalgamated Association some time ago succeeded in forming a tentative agreement as to a scale of wages with the companies controlled by the United States Steel Corporation, but when it came to drawing up the agreement a dispute at once arose as to what mills should be included. The Amalgamated Association insisted that the scale of wages should be signed by the corporation for all the mills, whether union or non-union. This the corporation refused to do. It consents to deal with the union as a representative of the workingmen in the union mills, but declines to recognize it as representative of the non-union men. To do this, the corporation insists, would be practically to force the non-union men into the unions against their consent. It should be noticed, however, that though this might be the practical effect, it is not directly demanded by the union. The leaders of the union defend their demands by saying that in the past the trust and its subordinate companies have constantly discriminated in favor of the non-union mills and against the union mills in the matter of distributing the work, keeping the former open and well supplied when the latter had no work to do. A circular will be issued at once by the Amalgamated Association to its men, in which the full history of the conflict will be given, and no doubt an authorized reply will be issued on the part of the companies, and we shall hope to analyze these presentations of the issues involved next week. We reserve further comment until these official documents are issued, meanwhile repeating, what we have so often heretofore affirmed, that it is equally the right of the laborer to join the union or to remain out of it; that the attempt to force him out of it (by the employer) and the attempt to force him into it (by the union) are equally a vio-



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lation of the rights of labor, and that in the ultimate result we are convinced it will be found that the union itself will be strong only as it is a purely volunteer organization.

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**Friction in the Philippines**

The New York "Tribune" publishes extracts from the unabridged report of General MacArthur, covering his field operations before he relieved General Otis as Governor-General of the Philippines, which indicate that there was a decided difference of opinion between General Otis and General MacArthur in respect to the best policy to be pursued in the Philippines, not to say some personal friction between the two. We hesitate to express an opinion on the purely fragmentary reports before us, but apparently the policy of General MacArthur was adopted by the Administration. He was made Military Governor in order to carry out that policy, and to the accession of that policy the pacification of the archipelago is to a considerable extent due. On the 24th of November, 1899, General MacArthur sends a despatch to General Schwan, Chief of Staff, in which he says:

> The so-called Filipino Republic is destroyed. The Congress has dissolved. The President of the so-called republic is a fugitive, as are all his Cabinet officers, except one in our hands. The Executive Department is, therefore, entirely broken up. The generals are separated, without any power of conference or concentrated action. The authority under which an army was kept in the field no longer exists. The army itself as an organization has disappeared. As a consequence of all these facts, which are now of historical record, the men who profess to lead small bodies for the purpose of guerrilla warfare must act without even the shadow of authority from a de facto government, and their operations from this time on will be the result of individual whims. In other words, men who now try to continue the strife by individual action become simply leaders of banditti.

In consequence, General MacArthur proposes to General Otis to issue a proclamation offering complete amnesty to all who surrender within a stated time, with a payment of thirty pesos to every soldier who gives up a rifle, accompanying it with an emphatic declaration that, after the date fixed, the killing of American soldiers will be regarded as murder, and all persons concerned therein will be treated as murderers. On December 9, General Schwan returns the following certainly brief, if not curt, reply:

> Your telegr m announcing your policy received. Your recommendations concerning proclamation cannot be carried out; legal difficulties of an international character, apparently not understood by you, forbid. No further advice on this subject desired by the commanding general.
>
> SCHWAN, Chief of Staff.

It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that these "legal difficulties of an international character" were not regarded by the Administration as constituting any conclusive objection to the policy proposed by General MacArthur; that the policy which he proposed was subsequently adopted and carried into effect; and that under it the disintegrating revolt against the United States authority disintegrated still more rapidly, until now practically nothing of it is left. One would like to know what were these "legal difficulties of an international character" which seemed so serious to General Otis, but which were apparently so readily surmounted.

❀

**The Armenian Claims Paid**

We have spoken so often and so strongly of the necessity of a final settlement between Turkey and the United States as regards the claims growing out of the Armenian riots, that we record with peculiar satisfaction the final payment in actual cash by the Porte of the sum of $95,000 to Mr. Leishman, United States Minister at Constantinople. This is much less than the sum demanded by the claimants, but the amount involved is really of the slightest consequence. For years it has seemed almost impossible to bring the Sultan to the point of recognizing the principle that the payment of acknowledged debts was reasonably to be expected. Our Government now undertakes to settle with the claimants. The losses incurred were chiefly those of educational and missionary institutions at Harput and Marash. The diplomatic victory of our State Department in actually extracting cash from the Sultan is the greater, in that several other nations have similar claims against Turkey, which have been more or less directly acknowledged as just by the Porte, and none of these nations has succeeded

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in obtaining any payment whatever. The diplomats of the State Department may feel that its final success in this matter is another indication of the increased respect with which the United States is now regarded abroad.

❀

**The Ohio Democratic Convention**

The first important event in the active political campaign which this autumn will see is found in the Democratic State Convention at Columbus last week. This convention almost unanimously nominated for Governor Colonel James Kilbourne, a Columbus citizen who has never held office and had never been prominently mentioned as a candidate for an important public position until two years ago, when he was defeated as a candidate for nomination for the Governorship by Mr. McLean. Colonel Kilbourne has an excellent character as a business man and public-spirited citizen. In the war he rose from the ranks to the grade of colonel of a volunteer regiment. He is a lawyer of considerable ability. The interest in the Convention centered rather upon the platform than upon the candidate. The subject about which debate and contest were really earnest was that of equality of taxation, as brought into prominence by the campaign of Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland; and the earnestness of the discussion on this point may be judged when it is noted that over an hour after midnight was spent in committee in the endeavor to have the word "salable" stricken out of the plank on railway taxation. As adopted, this plank reads: "Steam and electric railroads and other corporations possessing public franchises shall be assessed in the same proportion to their salable value as are farms and city real estate." The subject of taxation is placed first in the platform, which advocates equality of taxation, hostility to the monopolization of industry, opposition to the acceptance of free railroad passes by public officers, provisions of law requiring sworn public reports from all public service corporations, and which contains other clauses bearing more or less directly on the situation in the anti-monopoly fight in Ohio. While as to National questions the platform is slightly rhetorical, as is not uncommon with political platforms, the position of the party respecting the so-called Colonial question is very explicitly defined in the following sentence: "The Democratic party opposes any extension of the National boundaries not meant to carry speedily to all inhabitants full equal rights with ourselves. If these are unfitted by location, race, or character to be formed into self-governing territories, and then incorporated into the Union of States, they should be permitted to work out their own destiny." An attempt to induce the Convention to re-endorse the Kansas City platform was defeated by an overwhelming majority; in fact, only six of nine hundred and fifty delegates favored the proposed resolution. The platform is entirely silent on the silver question. The political situation in Ohio for the immediate future will be largely affected by the various combinations looking toward the nomination of a Democratic candidate to succeed Mr. Foraker in the United States Senate. The names at present most prominently mentioned are those of Mayor Johnson and Mr. John R. McLean.

❀

**The Pension Office**

We have received a somewhat lengthy letter from a correspondent who marks it "not for publication," contending that there is altogether too much of what is called "red tape" in the Pension Office, and giving some illustrations which she thinks bear out her contention. This is very possibly the case. A certain amount of formality is absolutely necessary in any great organization which is engaged in dispensing millions of dollars. There must be checks and counter-checks upon the expenditure. Even if the organization is the best conceivable one, there will be inevitably a certain amount of inefficiency in the clerical force, to say nothing of the superiors, and a certain number of blunders, even where there is no inefficiency. If the Pension Office is conducted with too much red tape, that is a reason for reform. But it is not a reason for dismissing the head of the Pension Office, unless it is made clear that the red tape is due to his own inefficiency or to his own passion for machinery. No evidence has been adduced before the public in support of either opinion, and, in the absence of such evidence, we must

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assume that the methods of the office, inherited by Commissioner Evans from his predecessors, are such as experience has indicated to be necessary in order to guard against frauds from without and blunders from within.

❀

**The Maryland Suffrage Law**

The recent election in Maryland neither indicates that the evils which its opponents feared have been produced by it, nor that the political results which its advocates hoped for have been accomplished. In one of the first elections held under the new law—a municipal election in Annapolis—the city chose a Republican Mayor and a Board of Aldermen two-thirds Republican, and the Annapolis correspondent of the Baltimore "Sun" reports that out of 1,453 ballots cast only 113 were found defective. The illiterates were, we believe, enabled to vote their party tickets, because, although there were no party emblems, the name of the party was put at the head of the party column, and the illiterates were shown in evening schools that the letter p in Republican dropped below the line, and that the letter o appeared in the word Democratic. Merely omitting party emblems does not suffice to prevent illiterate voting. Either some reading test must be applied by the inspectors at the polls, or else all party classification must be omitted from the ticket, and the voter must be left to vote for individual nominees, not for the party slate. To the application of academic tests by the inspectors there is the serious objection that it opens the way to favoritism; to the omission of all party emblems there is the objection that many voters, probably a majority of them, desire to vote not for special individuals but for representatives of definite political principles. We are inclined to think that the emblems should be retained, that men may vote the straight ticket if they wish to do so, while equally free to vote an independent or a scratched ticket if they so elect. But no illiterate should be allowed, as in New York State, to be accompanied into the booth by a friend to show him how to vote. This is to put a premium on corruption. If a man cannot vote without a guide, neither he nor the State will lose anything valuable in losing his vote.

**The Opening of Oklahoma Territory**

Mr. John Gilmer Speed in another column gives an interesting account of the method pursued by the Government in the opening of Oklahoma Territory several years ago, and points out certain objections to the method to be adopted this year. That method is certainly very much better than the one the evils of which Mr. Speed so graphically portrays, and it appears to us on the whole better than the one which he suggests. Selecting from the numerous applications for homesteads by lot cannot truthfully be called a lottery, and certainly it is not correctly comparable to the Louisiana Lottery, since in the latter every applicant for the prize contributed by his purchase of the lottery ticket to make the prize for which he competed, while in this case the prize is a free gift of land; and since it is estimated that there are about thirteen thousand five hundred homesteads in the areas which have been ceded to the Government by their Indian owners, and it is supposed, from present indications, that there will be from eighty to ninety thousand applications—that is, six or seven for every homestead—the method hit upon of allotting the homesteads among the applicants by lot appears to us as fair a scheme as can be well desired, unless the fundamental principle of the Homestead Act is to be disregarded. That principle was to *give* the land necessary for a farm to any applicant, provided he would put up a house and actually occupy the place given to him. This was supposed to secure the land, if not to the poor, at least to those who had no settled place in life. Not merely to disregard this principle, but to reverse it, by allotting the land to the highest bidder, would be to make an application of the principle, "To him that hath shall be given," such as would be contrary not only to the traditions but to the spirit of our democratic Government. As Mr. Speed indicates, this method could not have been adopted without the concurrence of Congress; we do not believe that Congress would have concurred, and we should hope that it would not. We are inclined to believe that Mr. Speed overestimates the dangers of contested titles; they should certainly be less under the allotment plan than under the "rush"

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plan. The conditions which he describes strikingly illustrate the extent to which the country is filled up by immigration and the resultant increase in the value of land. It may easily be made to serve as an additional argument in favor of the Single Tax by the advocates of that doctrine. As to the Indians, as we understand it, the land has already been bought from them by the Federal Government for a lump sum, and if it should be resold at an advance the benefit would accrue not to the Indians, who no longer own the land, but to the Federal Government, which has purchased it.

❀

**A Needed Endowment** No public institution in the city of New York has accomplished more with comparatively slender means than has the Metropolitan Museum. The public spirit and art taste of generous donors and of hard-working trustees and directors have gone far to supply the lack of adequate endowment or income for the purchase of pictures, sculpture, and other objects of art. We can reasonably take pride in the collections as they stand while recognizing their obvious defects and the splendid opportunities for improvement impossible heretofore to seize because of an empty treasury. At last an endowment fund is probable. The late Jacob S. Rogers, millionaire and locomotive builder, left by will for this purpose almost all of an estate estimated at from five to eight millions of dollars. The will may be contested, but there are no very close relatives, and Mr. Rogers had often expressed the strong opinion that the only money that did men good was the money they earned, and that legacies were pitfalls and temptations. He acted in accordance with this principle, which may be considered eccentric, but is certainly not insane. Moreover, the will, though drawn by the testator's own hand, is said by lawyers to be unusually well constructed and worded (barring a single slip of the pen which made the testator say $75,000,000 when he meant $75,000—a slip which any court would construe with reference to the real meaning), and thus there is a strong probability that Mr. Rogers's great gift to the people of New York will reach its object. In time the intelligent application of an annual income of perhaps $200,000 in purchases, expert care, and skillful display will make the Metropolitan Museum one of the strongest institutions of the kind in the world. There is some discussion as to whether the State of New Jersey will undertake to collect from this bequest the five per cent. tax provided for by the Collateral Inheritance Tax Law on all legacies to persons other than those of direct descent. It is at least an open question whether or not that law applies to legacies for public purposes. The Outlook has more than once urged that all State inheritance laws should make a clear distinction between taxing legacies to individuals not of near blood and taxing legacies for benevolent and public purposes. We hope that the present case will enforce the justice of this principle.

❀

**The National Educational Association** The National Educational Association, which semi-officially represents the great body of public school teachers of the United States, at its fortieth annual meeting in the city of Detroit last week issued a very significant platform, which we should be glad to see printed in full and widely circulated. This platform demands provision for free education under the auspices of the Federal Government in all Federal territories, including the new possessions; it urges that all such public education in United States territory should be placed under the direction of the Bureau of Education; the school-house in every State and Territory should be the center of the educational life of the community, the place where literary and social meetings may be held, and where the public library should be housed; education should include the development of the ethical, physical, and æsthetic nature of the child as well as its purely intellectual nature; the system of education should include every grade of school, from the kindergarten up to and including the university, open to every boy and girl of our country; legislation respecting education should be under the general direction of educational experts, and should lead rather than wait upon public sentiment; children should be protected by law from ignorance as from

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abuse, neglect, and hunger, on which ground compulsory education is defended; expert supervision of schools in country as in city is needed, and the consolidation of rural schools and the transportation of pupils, already attempted in some States, should be extended; normal schools should be maintained in all the States, and thorough provision should be made to secure high standards both for school architecture and for teaching. We do not remember ever to have seen from any individual as complete and comprehensive a statement of public educational needs and the methods of providing for them as is furnished by this platform. With some question as to the extent to which education should be made compulsory, and with a serious question whether in the older communities education should extend to and include the university, we desire to add our vote and our indorsement of this admirable platform, and we desire to lay special stress upon the demand that systems of education under Federal control, and if necessary at Federal expense, should be maintained in all territories of the United States, under the direction of the Educational Bureau. If this policy had been pursued in Utah, we should not now be confronted with a Mormon problem; if this principle, modified to suit the exigency, had been applied at the close of the Civil War to the educational problem in the Southern States, we should not be confronted with the present race problem there; if it had been pursued from the beginning in our Indian reservations, we should now have no Indian problem; and if it is not pursued in Porto Rico and the Philippines, we shall have very serious problems confronting us in those countries, and growing more serious as the years go on.

❀

**Washington and Rome** In the Rome "Nuova Antologia," Professor Angelo Mosso draws an interesting parallel between the two Roman Catholic universities at Washington and the two Roman Catholic colleges at Rome. He calls attention to the fact that the Washington institutions were not founded on account of the needs of the Roman Catholic population there, but purely to have in the American capital a center of Roman Catholic action, and also because students intending to go into public life would find in Washington greater opportunities for advancement, and because students in any department would find there certain advantages such as the great Congressional Library and the archives of the various departments of Government. Indeed, it seems strange to Professor Mosso that the United States Government has not done more to utilize the immense material for study which it has accumulated—the Botanical Garden, the agricultural school, the geological collections, the ethnological museum, and the National museum in the Smithsonian Institution. These rival the best institutions of Europe, he says, while the Medical Library in the Department of War is unique in the world. However, the two Roman Catholic universities in Washington chiefly interested the Italian critic. Georgetown University was founded long ago, and has in all departments about five hundred students. The American Catholic University was founded only a dozen years ago at the initiative of such men as Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Keane. The Pope sent Monsignor, now Cardinal Satolli, to inaugurate the University. At the present time the University has but one hundred and sixty students. When one compares this with the development of the University of Chicago, also recently founded, the advantage can hardly be said to lie with the Roman Catholic institution, but the reason is not a matter of millions of money, according to Professor Mosso; it lies rather in the fact that the American Catholic University was founded by the better class among the Roman Catholic clergy who wished to oppose the educational supremacy of the Jesuits. From their hill at Georgetown the Jesuits jealously regarded the new Roman Catholic University which rose on the hills lying on the other side of the Capitol. A means by which they might put the new institution under suspicion was found when Professor Bouquillon, of the American Catholic University, published a treatise in which he showed that the civil Government had a right to control popular education, admitting that the Church had the duty of providing religious education. Replies to this statement came immediately from five Jesuits. Cardinal Gibbons and Arch-

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bishops Keane and Ireland came to the defense of the State; Archbishop Corrigan and others differed from them, and, according to Professor Mosso, there was enough discord between the two factions to justify the Pope in charging the Papal Delegate with a mission of conciliation and peace.

❀

**Rome and Washington**

Professor Mosso finds a counterpart to this in the history of the pontifical university in Rome. The influence of humanism at the University of Bologna became so great that, in 1217, Honorius III. published a letter in which he charged the Roman scholars at Bologna to leave that university and come to Rome; with them he constituted the University of Rome, an institution which later became known as the University of the Curia. At the end of the thirteenth century Boniface VII. founded a studio for a college, called the Sapienza, but he did not give it the right to confer degrees, this being reserved to the University of the Curia. A conflict arose between the University, which, though the older institution, represented the liberal views of the Popes, and the Sapienza, which was controlled by the Jesuits. The Jesuits came off victorious. Will they be equally victorious in Washington? It is a common event in the history of the Church, says Professor Mosso, for two neighboring universities to fall into opposition, and this is a disquieting symptom because it shows that the unity of the Roman Catholic Church and the authority of the Popes are not so absolute as is generally supposed, since under the eyes of the Supreme Pontiff there have always existed two different kinds of universities—one, human and tolerant, the other, uncompromising and Jesuitical.

❀

**The Elections in the Netherlands**

The returns of the elections in the Netherlands, on June 14, have shown the defeat of the Liberals and the fall of the Pearson-Borgesius Ministry, and for four years the Clericals will be in power. This triumph has been won by the union of the Roman Catholics and the Ultra-Calvinists ("anti-Revolutionaries") at the polls. Their doctrine is not "a free Church in a free State"—for which the Progressives strive—but "the State subservient to the Church." Both Protestants and Catholics agree to remain, as in history, ecclesiastically apart, but politically one, and to continue the use of the public funds for the maintenance of dogmatic teaching—Romanist, Hyper-Calvinist, or "with the Bible"—at the public expense. The programme of the Liberals (though not of the Radicals and Revolutionaries) is substantially that of the American policy as enforced since 1787—the separation of Church and State, and no sectarian teaching at the public expense. Alarmed, however, at the apparent increase of socialism, alleged government extravagance, the threat to abolish the First Chamber, the growth of American or revolutionary ideas, the leaders of the Clerical forces have wrought with unusual skill and energy, plying especially "patriotic" arguments; the results have astounded the anti-Clerical forces. Headed by Dr. Abraham Kuyper (who lectured on Calvinism at Princeton in 1898) and the ultramontane priest Schaepman, the "monster-alliance," as the Dutch call it, has gained, with its allies, fifty-five seats out of the one hundred in the Second Chamber, thus repeating the triumph of 1887–1891. It is to be seen how far the modernization of Holland, which has been proceeding so hopefully since 1891, will be retarded, now that priest and parson dictate the policy which directly affects six million Netherlanders and indirectly thirty-three million Malays. While such a political victory brings grief to thousands of Americanized Dutchmen, the anti-Revolutionaries claim that theirs is the only programme that will save Holland from the persistent, potent, and subtle purpose of the Teutons to swallow up the Netherlands in a Pan-Germanic propaganda.

❀

**The King of Bohemia**

Palacky, the Bohemina historian, once wrote that, even if it were not already in existence, an Austrian empire would have to be established, not only to insure the welfare of the numerous nationalities involved, but also to secure the peace of Europe. That peace will hardly be

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secured, however, if Palacky's countrymen, the Czechs, persist in demanding independence, and if, in the case of granting this demand, other bodies of Francis Joseph's subjects follow with like requests. The Emperor's recent visit to Prague and the pointed honors paid to the Bohemians greatly pleased the Old Czech party. Dr. Rieger, the veteran Old Czech leader, admits that the Czechs sympathize with other Slav peoples, but at the same time they can never forget that they are penetrated with Occidental culture and are essentially Western Europeans. Their traditions, arts, and social order alike, he adds, rest upon a Roman basis, while, on the other hand, those of the Eastern Slavs have a Byzantine foundation. For the moment this conviction will be profoundly confirmed by the Emperor's decision, announced recently, to accede to Czech demands, and be crowned at Prague as King of Bohemia, thus transforming the dual into a triple monarchy—Austria, Hungary, Bohemia. After their long and arduous fight, the Czechs are at present quite beside themselves with enthusiasm over their triumph in winning not only a greater measure of administrative independence but also the right to consider themselves really a nation. Their historic capital, Prague, will once more be a royal residence, and they will give loyal acclaim to the venerable Francis Joseph as the worthy successor of Wenceslaus.

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**Will this Solve the Bohemian Problem?**

To the tact and political sagacity of Francis Joseph the Bohemians owe the present solution of the problem of Pan-Slavism as it affects their country, and this solution apparently entirely satisfies the Old Czechs, who form really the most important element. But it only half satisfies the Young Czechs, and while it may delay, it can hardly avert their possibly armed demand for entire independence. When it comes, we may see a realization of the prophecy of Dr. Kramarz, the leader of the Young Czech party: "The Austrians will scarcely be able to subjugate the Czechs without foreign assistance." During his lifetime the pervasive force of Francis Joseph's influence may hold together Old and Young Czechs as it has held together many other opposing elements in the vast empire. But it is very doubtful whether after his death his successor can command the deference justly due to one who has ever shown himself a master-hand at conciliation. Should the already large and influential German population in Bohemia invite William II. to invade Bohemia and German Austria, and ultimately to absorb them, the invitation will be almost certainly seconded by the commercial spirit in Germany, which, while it covets this great domain, is yet more anxious to control the ports to which it leads, Trieste and Fiume on the Adriatic, and thus gain a direct highway to the expected German colony in Asia Minor.

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**Immigration to Canada**

At the time the period of service of the Canadian volunteers came to an end, a proposal was made in London that land grants should be made to them to induce them to settle in South Africa. This proposal, however, was at once discouraged by the Canadian immigration commissioner in London, on the ground that Canada had no men to spare. The same objection applied to recruiting for the British army in Canada. No other British colony spends as much as Canada on its immigration service. For a generation past it has lavished money on the maintenance of immigration agents in Great Britain. The results of this expenditure have not been satisfactory. English people of the working and agricultural classes are no longer emigrating as they were twenty years ago. England is a better country to-day for them than it has ever been; and few of them can be induced to exchange England for Canada. Every immigrant from Great Britain who lands in Halifax or Montreal has cost Canada a good round sum in hard cash. Each immigrant is counted as an asset of the Dominion; and the Canadian Government and the Canadian people are naturally most unwilling to see the work of their costly immigration department neutralized, as it would be if Canada became a permanent recruiting-ground for the British army.

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**Pompeian Painting**

At Bosco Reale, near Naples, an interesting group of Pompeian houses has just been uncovered and the student of painting is

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astonished to find figure-work there reminding him more of fourteenth-century than of first-century endeavors. In one of the most striking of these figures a young woman is seated on a bronze chair, a chair of singularly beautiful form. She is playing the lyre. Her features and expression are pleasing and vivacious. Her hair is curled and she wears a white robe. She curiously holds her instrument with the right hand and plays with the left. Behind the chair a young girl is standing, probably a maid. From her expression and from her position, we suppose that she is listening with interest to the music of her mistress. This composition is one of much simplicity and naturalness, and it seems to have been done, not by many, but by a few strokes—by the frankness and sureness of hand of a master. Signor Baldassare Odescalchi, Senator of the Kingdom of Italy, has recently written an interesting article on these discoveries for the "Nuova Antologia," and voices the surprise of all that such harmonious composition, such correct design, and such remarkable coloring could have existed and yet not have been known. Until the other day it was supposed that the frescoes at Pompeii itself represented the highest form of art of the period.

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**Taxing Church Property** It is reported from Chicago that the Board of Tax Assessors have decided to include in their levy all church and school property not actually used for church or school work, and it is said that this action, if sustained by the courts, will add twenty-five million dollars to the assessed valuation of the taxed realty. It appears to us that this action is based on a rational and sound principle. There are those who would not tax any property belonging to church and educational institutions; there are others who would tax all church and school property exactly as they would tax other property. The plan of the Chicago assessors might be regarded as a compromise, since it occupies a position midway between these two extremes. But it appears to us to be a compromise founded on sound principles. When men unite in an endeavor to render a public service to the community, and for this purpose contribute their money in the building of a school, a college, an asylum, or a church, from which they are to receive no pecuniary benefit whatever, and spiritual or intellectual benefit not at all proportioned to the amount of their contributions, there seems to be very good reason why the community should not levy a tax upon their benefactions. In other words, there is reason why men should not be taxed by the public for expenditures made wholly or almost wholly for the benefit of the public. On the other hand, if all property belonging to religious or educational corporations is exempt from taxation, this exemption is liable to be taken advantage of by corporations partially or only nominally religious or educational. This was universally the case in France under the ancient régime, and appears to have been the case in Cuba and in the Philippines. This peril is avoided by the plan said to be proposed by the Chicago assessors, while at the same time men are not charged by the State for the privilege of rendering a service to the State.

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**The Christian Endeavor Convention** The twentieth International Convention at Cincinnati, July 6–10, though not the largest on record, was large enough to require six auditoriums, three of them very capacious, for simultaneous meetings. Nineteen churches were in use as headquarters for delegations. No larger meeting of the trustees of the Society has ever been held. Besides the memorial address to President Clark, which we described last week, a silver loving-cup was presented to him by the trustees, in commemoration of his work and the esteem it has won. Japan, China, India, and Australia were represented among regions nearer home. The Japanese delegate, the Rev. A. Miyaki, of Osaka, presented, with an address of greeting from the seventy societies in the "land of the rising sun," a blue banner, bearing a Japanese inscription and the crimson symbols of the national flag. That denominational diversities are not effaced but comprehended in the catholic unity for common interests which the Society represents, was significantly affirmed by the provision made for de-

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nominational "rallies." Twenty-six of these were held in various churches. At the Congregational rally it was resolved to send to China a Field Secretary for the spread of Christian Endeavor work, and nearly half of the sum needed was subscribed on the spot. Meetings at the noon hour in factories and other places convenient for busy workers formed another interesting feature of the Convention. Conspicuous among many stirring addresses was Booker T. Washington's inspiring discourse on "The Power of a Noble Life." The hold on public interest possessed by the Rev. C. M. Sheldon, of Topeka, appeared in the crowds that vainly sought admission when he spoke. Dr. Ament also was greeted by a remarkable demonstration of popular sympathy with his course in China, a great congregation rising and cheering him to the echo when he came forward to speak. This year's Convention is signalized by the issue of a new song-book for the Society, of which there was manifest need. The office of General Field Secretary has been created, and the Rev. C. E. Eberman, of Lancaster, Pa., elected to fill it. Hereafter the International Conventions are to be held biennially.

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**A Christian Social Settlement**

The Christodora House, at 147 Avenue B, in New York City, is a highly successful specimen of a social settlement avowedly and spiritually Christian. All social settlements are Christian in their philanthropic aims, since they seek to discharge the debt due to the claim of human brotherhood by the supply of physical wants and of intellectual needs. But the supply of religious and spiritual needs is also required to render social ministration thoroughly Christian, and in this completeness of ministration to its poor neighbors the Christodora House has achieved an effectiveness which disproves the current notion that a social settlement must be non-religious if it would succeed among neighbors of other creeds—a notion which has forbidden, "for fear of the Jews," even the explanation of the word Christmas to the children. Seventy per cent. of those attending Christodora are Jews and Roman Catholics. But Jewesses and Roman Catholics study the New Testament in its Bible classes. Gospel meetings are regularly held. Many of the girls have imbued a true Christian spirit. Wonderful transformations of character have taken place. Nor has less been achieved for physical and intellectual improvement than by social settlements not thus completely Christian. The hold which Christodora has gained on its neighborhood in the three years since it began in a cellar room is apparent in the throngs it attracts, which it has hardly room to receive—a daily average last year above two hundred. Similar evidence of the effectiveness of the religious settlement, when wisely conducted, is borne by the experience of Mrs. Sarah J. Bird in the Ghetto district, where she conducts the settlement at 211 Clinton Street, locally known as "The White Door." Our account is condensed from an article by Dr. Josiah Strong in the May number of "Social Service." The treasurer of Christodora House is Mr. W. L. Sexton, 305 West Seventieth Street, New York City. Its success is a striking comment upon an opinion publicly expressed by President Hall, of Union Seminary, two or three years ago, that it is social settlements rather than churches that must be looked to for successful religious work in low city neighborhoods.

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**A New Religious Resort by the Sea**

It was a wise thought that conceived the advantages of utilizing for religious purposes the gathering together of Christian people at the seaside resorts. It would be difficult to calculate the good influence of such summer assemblies as Ocean Grove, Old Orchard, and others of similar character. For several years the Disciples of Christ in the Eastern States have felt the importance of such an assembly for their own people, somewhere on the Atlantic coast. After much investigation, it was finally decided to open and dedicate assembly grounds on the Delaware coast near Rehoboth Bay and the Indian River. Accordingly, a large tract of land fronting on as fine a beach as may be seen on the Atlantic coast was secured, platted, and put upon the market in the form of building lots for cottagers. About two hundred Disciples and others have purchased sites

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intending to build summer houses. A large tabernacle has been built for assembly purposes, and was opened and dedicated on July 4, when many prominent persons took part in the exercises and ceremonies. Beginning on the 7th of July, a religious assembly has been conducted for two weeks, with three services each day, and on the 21st of July the lecture, concert, and entertainment season will open. Two weeks will be devoted to this Chautauqua feature of the summer programme. Many men and women of National reputation among the Disciples of Christ will appear at this new resort. Large constituencies are expected from New York City, Washington, Richmond, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, and other cities of the East. The name selected for this new resort is Bethany Beach, in honor of Bethany, West Virginia, where Alexander Campbell, the great leader among the Disciples, lived so long, and where he located Bethany College in memory of the Bethany of Gospel fame. It is hoped that Bethany Beach will become one of the strong religious and educational forces among our seaside summer assemblies.

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**An Outing for Missions** Silver Bay, Lake George, is the attractive place to which the Advisory Committee of the Forward Movement for Missions called their first General Council, July 6–15, to which they invited "the men of the Congregational churches of the United States and Canada"—an invitation understood as including women who desired to accompany their husbands. The Student Volunteer Movement for going into missionary work needs a correspondingly vigorous movement for sending forth those who are ready to go, and it is the home department as the base of support that it has now sought to inspirit and strengthen. The first Council was held at Plymouth, Mass., last March, and it is proposed to hold one within the bounds of every Congregational Conference in the country, with the aim of enlisting and training leaders in the home department of the foreign work. A considerable number of business men were invited to attend the General Council at Lake George. The programme was varied. A course of daily studies on "The Beginning of Christianity," conducted by Professor Bosworth, of Oberlin, a daily Free Parliament on Ways and Means, conducted by the Rev. Harlan P. Beach, of New York, with the aid of other practical men, and a Conference on Bible Study and Missions, led by Mr. L. D. Wishard, the director of the Forward Movement thus far, were assigned to the mornings, while the evenings were occupied mainly with addresses and special subjects. The afternoons were reserved for outings in the charming region where the Council met, on the western shore of the lake, twelve miles from its northern extremity. Full information about the movement may be obtained of Mr. Benjamin C. Marsh, American Board, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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**Summer Schools** Inviting to some as an alternative, and to some, as a sequel, to the Harvard Summer School of Theology will be the new Summer School of Theology to be held at Fryeburg, Maine, from July 30 to August 12. Beautiful Fryeburg, on the Saco River, at the entrance to the White Mountain region, is naturally an attractive place for summer work with recreation, and the scale of expense, somewhat lower than at Cambridge, gives it an economical advantage. The programme of the school announces, in all, forty-three lectures in Biblical, theological, and practical courses. Each of the four daily lectures will be open to free questioning and discussion. Evening concerts and popular lectures are superadded through the month of August. All the courses are open to women as well as to men. The Fryeburg Bureau, 1 Somerset Street, Boston, will furnish all further information desired.——The summer session of the University of Chicago makes a change this year that will be convenient to many teachers and clergymen. The first term, which opened June 19, will close July 27, and the second term extends to August 31. In addition to the regular courses of all departments, eminent scholars are to give a large number of open lectures. Besides President Harper and Professors Mathews, Votaw, and Willet, of the University, Professor Caspar René Gregory, of Leipsic, Chancellor E. Benjamin Andrews, of the University of Nebraska, and Dr. Marcus Dods, of

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Edinburgh, are announced in connection with the Divinity School. Professor Fernow, of the College of Forestry, Cornell University, is to give a course of twelve lectures on Forestry, and Professor Kovalevsky gives a course on "Russian Institutions."

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**The Smith Charities**

The Smith Charities, founded by the late Oliver Smith, of Hatfield, Mass., and having its office at Northampton, is one of the most beneficent institutions of that State. The income from its steadily increasing fund, now amounting to over one million dollars, is applied for the benefit of deserving persons in the eight towns of Amherst, Deerfield, Greenfield, Hadley, Hatfield, Northampton, Whately, and Williamsburg. Beside the assistance of indigent widows and children, small but substantial endowments are provided for poor but industrious young men and women. The test of fitness applied to such persons is, first, a term of apprenticeship in some selected occupation, and, second, the regular payment of interest for a term of years on the sum advanced to each as a loan. This done, the obligation is canceled and the loan becomes the property of its holder. Many a home in western Massachusetts, says the Springfield "Republican," whose account we condense, owes its foundation to the Smith Charities. The cases are rare in which these loans have been wasted. The sum of the past year's benefactions is over thirty-seven thousand dollars. In 1905 a new department of the Smith Charities will open, when the fund provided by Mr. Smith for the establishment of an agricultural school at Northampton will become available.

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**New York State Conference of Religion**

This year's meeting was held in Buffalo, June 29, at the close of the Congress of Religion. The comprehensive character of the Conference was illustrated in its bringing to its platform such men as Professor W. N. Clarke, of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Hamilton, and Dr. Maurice H. Harris, rabbi of Temple Israel in Harlem. The meeting for 1902 is to be held in New York City.

# The Liberty of the Nation

I am a regular reader of your publication, and find in it much that I like, and some that I do not like; and if I have the privilege to give praise for what I like, by the same rule I can criticise that I do not like. Allow me to say that your editorial, "July 4, 1901," is the most elastic expression I ever read. You designate the bonds of this Union as commercial, legal, international, and political. You discuss the political bond at some length, and say: "Porto Rico is united to the United States by all the bonds which bind the several States together, except the political bond." And, "Legally she is one with us." Now, by what authority is she not politically one with us? Her people cannot help to elect the President of the great country of which she is a part, commercially, legally, and internationally, but they must be subservient to this great United States, internationally, commercially, legally, and politically. Further on you astonish us by the declaration that these conditions do not apply to the Philippines. Just here please explain how many classes of people, political and otherwise, we are to have, and give some ground for your elastic views, leaving out all reference to the late Supreme Court decisions.

Jarretts, N. C. A. P. ROBERTS.

Porto Rico is not politically one with us because the people of the United States have not chosen to admit her to political unity. The United States is a partnership; it is for the people of the United States to determine under what circumstances and upon what conditions they will admit a new community into this partnership. This can only be done by the concurrent action of the President, the Senate, and the House of Representatives. No such concurrent action has been taken, and until it is taken Porto Rico is not admitted to the partnership, and is not an integral part of the Union.

We see no reason, in law or morals, why the people of the United States may not decide at any time to admit certain communities for certain purposes and to certain privileges of the Union, and not for other purposes nor to other privileges. The people, through their representatives in Congress, may, if they see fit, guarantee to the people of Cuba a republican form of government, promising to protect them from foreign invasion and from domestic anarchy, but may decline to give them a right to appeal to the Federal courts or offer to them free trade. They may consent to protect the people of the Philippine Archipelago

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against foreign invasion and against domestic anarchy, and may also give that people access to the courts of the United States in protection of their rights, but refuse to give them free trade. And they may give to the people of Porto Rico a similar protection against foes, foreign and domestic, and a similar right to appeal to the Federal courts for protection of their civil and religious rights, and in addition may grant them free trade, and yet may decline to admit them to a share in the election of the President, the Senators, and the Representatives to whom the political administration of the Nation is intrusted. The American people may be willing to protect a community and trade freely with a community which they do not wish should share in governing the American Nation. In short, we see no reason why the people of the United States may not, through Congress, treat each community according to its circumstances, and in such a way as will be safe for the United States and at the same time best promote the well-being of the community. The only objection which we can conceive to the exercise of such a liberty of choice is the notion that it is inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States; and that objection is removed by the decision of the Supreme Court, which implies, if it does not explicitly affirm, that there is nothing in the Constitution of the United States inconsistent with such liberty of choice and of action.

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# The Marriage Ceremony

There is of late years among non-episcopal churches a tendency to adopt liturgical forms taken in whole or in part from the Episcopal Prayer-Book. Such are opening invocations, responsive readings from the Psalter, responses after the Commandments, forms of prayer, the Order for the Burial of the Dead, the Solemnization of Matrimony, etc. This growing custom is wise, for the venerable rubric of the Anglican Church had its origin in the vernacular during the wonderful century between 1550 and 1650, when the language was in that condition of dignity and splendor which men call Elizabethan—the period that gave us Shakespeare, Milton, and the English Bible. Thus these accessions of lofty thought in noble phrase lend added power and beauty to the leaner services of the Puritan churches; they supply an element which is often lacking in extempore ministrations.

It is true that the familiarity of repetition is apt to dull the attention; the beaten path grows hard, and loses the elasticity of living turf. And yet even in repetition there is a compensatory gain, through the unconscious memorizing of many a grand or tender or otherwise helpful passage. And though such passages may, like manuscripts in sympathetic ink, lie invisible for years, yet, under the reaction of trouble or the heat of distress, they will appear again, when needed for comfort or for guidance.

Among these formularies, however, there is one which is increasingly used, yet which contains—for those who give thought to the words as they are uttered—an idea thoroughly distasteful to the unecclesiastical mind. The form is the marriage service, and the dissonant note is the apology for matrimony—an estate which is to be entered into "reverently, discreetly," etc., *because* it "is commended of St. Paul to be honorable among all men."

Now, as a matter of fact, by the record, it appears that Paul's personal view was that the earnest Christian life, in that perilous age, could be better lived by the unmarried, who would then "be careful of the things of the Lord," while the married would "be careful of the things of the world." Yet Paul was a very wise and broad-minded man, and carefully discriminated between his own opinion and a "commandment of the Lord." He said: "But and if thou marry, thou hast not sinned. . . . Yet such shall have tribulation in the flesh: and I would spare you." And in another place, where he even counsels marriage, amid the reckless customs of Corinth—the Paris of antiquity—he adds, "But this I say by way of concession, not of commandment."

Paul's view of the advantages of freedom from domestic ties in that age of constant expectancy of the second coming of Christ—when, as he said, "the time is shortened that henceforth both those that have wives may be as though they had

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none; and those that weep as though they wept not; . . . and those that use the world, as not using it to the full: for the fashion of this world passeth away"—this view was in later times taken up by the Roman Church and its application much extended. Celibacy was highly esteemed in the early Christian Church; but in the Latin Church it grew to be the supreme virtue of life. It became imperative on the clergy, but all classes of men and women were under constant pressure to take vows, enter monastic institutions, and devote their lives to God. Yet what a sorry world it would be if all the world should be converted to that type of Christianity!

Indeed, was it Christianity? True, Jesus never married; he was set apart for a mighty mission. But he had married men among his selected disciples, whom he afterwards made apostles. And his first miracle—his very entrance upon his great mission—was in aid of the innocent festivities of a marriage feast. Doubtless Paul was right in his advice to those who were trying to follow his new teaching amid the perils of that cruel period, and with their expectation of the imminent coming of the Lord. He was the man for his time. But Jesus is of all time. He dwelt in higher regions than even the lofty Paul, and his serene outlook took in the whole realm of his Father's creation. He "knew what was in man," and his gracious presence has sanctified forever what the Prayer-Book truly calls "holy matrimony" and "holy wedlock."

The Roman Catholic Manual of Prayers of the present day, however, meets the matter more Scripturally than does the Protestant liturgy. Instead of rather apologizing, under cover of St. Paul's acknowledgment that it is "honorable," the former book, in its "Instructions" prefacing the actual forms, says: "The holy state of Matrimony was instituted by Almighty God in the beginning of the world, and under the law of nature had a peculiar blessing annexed to it. . . . Under the Mosaic law the Almighty more distinctly announced its dignity and obligations. Afterwards, under the Christian law, our Divine Redeemer sanctified this state still more . . . and St. Paul declared it to be a representation of that sacred union which Jesus Christ had formed with His spouse, the Church." There is a kind of Pauline wisdom about this recognition of the human fact, and its distinct encouragement under the highest sanction for the purpose of regulating it and strengthening its durability, which seems lacking in the Protestant Episcopal form, where the spirit seems to be rather a warning, even at the last minute, not to "marry in haste," but to enter upon it "discreetly, advisedly," etc.

That the advice is wholesome there is no doubt, in face of the divorce record of these days; but at the altar, and as a part of the ceremony, it seems wiser to adopt the Roman Catholic hearty acceptance of the sacrament, and give to it the cordial blessing of the Church.

The family is the basis of civilization, and it should be, and largely is, the sweetest school of Christian living. Why not, then, in founding a new family, omit Paul's grudging commendation of its honorable estate, and, while having it "entered into reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God," solemnize it also genially and joyously, in the spirit of Christ?

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## A Poet of Promise

A good deal is said in criticism, and occasionally in derision, of the tendency to hail every new poet as a true successor of Shakespeare or Milton or Tennyson, and to deafen the ears of readers with a fanfare of acclaiming trumpets. In England especially every young poet of promise of late has fallen immediately into the hands of injudicious friends, more eager to wrest prompt recognition from the public than to give the young writer opportunity of proving by the quality of his work the right to claim recognition. In this country the critics have been more judicious, and poets of promise have consequently come into a more wholesome atmosphere.

The tendency to discern greatness in every newcomer in the field of verse is not, however, a wholly discouraging sign of the times. In this field, as in every other, the wish is father to the thought; men are looking eagerly for the new poet, and are therefore often misled by promises which are not kept in later work. In

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spite of the prevalence of the commercial spirit, there never was, among English-speaking peoples, a more intense desire for adequate expression of the deep and restless life within them for which commercial activity affords no outlook. This country especially longs for some one who can give voice to its ethical enthusiasms, its deepening feeling for beauty, the vein of idealism which pervades it, its growing conviction that, however vast and beneficent the work of its hands may be, that work can never convey what is deepest in its heart, and constitute its permanent contribution to the spiritual capital of the race.

Whether Mr. William Vaughn Moody has the capacity to receive the passion and power of American life in his heart, and to organize and utter it in the language of art, it is much too early to predict; it is encouraging, however, to recognize the notes of serious and impressive poetry in his verse. Three or four poems from his hand which have appeared in the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly" during the past eighteen months have caught and held the attention of those who are eager for signs of true literary quality, and have been commented upon in these columns. They have had the capacious thought, the suppressed passion, the ringing sincerity, of true poetry. The volume in which these notable pieces have now been gathered bears the modest title of "Poems," and the imprint of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is a small collection, and can be read through in an hour if one chooses; the significant fact is that one does not choose: one re-reads, meditates, and reads again; for there is much in the verse which does not yield itself to the careless reader.

Whether Mr. Moody has the qualities which go to the making of a great poet is a matter which will remain undecided until he has had time for further growth and more extended work; but it is not too much to say that no young poet of recent years has given more conclusive evidence of the possession of unusual gifts and of the spirit of sincerity and scrupulous regard for the high demands of his art.

"The Masque of Judgment," reviewed in these columns early in the present season, is a work of unusual elaboration and courage—an ambitious and very able performance. It is, however, an interesting experiment rather than a convincing poem; it is full of insight and beauty, but the very difficult theme is not worked out with the simplicity, sureness of touch, and complete co-ordination of many parts in a perfect whole which Mr. Moody is likely to command at a later stage in his development as an artist. He is at his best in the later volume and in the lyric mood and form. In the really noble lines on the Shaw Memorial one hears the large, full notes of the poetry which is born of individual inspiration; one finds the weight, dignity, and slow-moving music with which the imagination enfolds a splendid figure and interprets a great moment. It is a long time since any young American poet has given us such lines as these:

Crouched in the sea-fog on the moaning sand
All night he lay, speaking some simple word
From hour to hour to the slow minds that heard,
Holding each poor life gently in his hand
And breathing on the base rejected clay
Till each dark face shone mystical and grand
Against the breaking day;
And lo, the shard the potter cast away
Was grown a fiery chalice crystal-fine
Fulfilled of the divine
Great wine of battle-wrath by God's ring-finger stirred.
Then upward, where the shadowy bastion loomed
Huge on the mountain in the wet sea light,
Whence now, and now, infernal flowerage bloomed,
Bloomed, burst, and scattered down its deadly seed,—
They swept, and died like freemen on the height,
Like freemen, and like men of noble breed.

The fine lyrical passion which is stirred to speech in the "Ode in Time of Hesitation" and in the lines "On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines" moves the reader to a kindred emotion, and awakens the hope that such work is prelusive of that virile and powerful poetry which, breaking away from academic formalism and from the imitative, dilettante manner of a great deal of contemporary verse, shall speak the thought of the hour in a language of adequate range and reality:

We charge you, ye who lead us,
Breathe on their chivalry no hint of stain!
Turn not their new-world victories to gain!
One least leaf plucked for chaffer from the bays
Of their dear praise,

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One jot of their pure conquest put to hire,
The implacable republic will require.

. . . . . .

A flag for the soldier's bier
Who dies that his land may live;
O, banners, banners here,
That we doubt not nor misgive!
That he heed not from the tomb
The evil days draw near
When the nation, robed in gloom,
With its faithless past shall strive.
Let him never dream that his bullet's scream
went wide of its island mark,
Home to the heart of his darling land where
she stumbled and sinned in the dark.

Mr. Moody takes his art with the seriousness which must always be the deeper mood of the true poet; his ideals are in harmony with the great traditions of poetry; he lives with his generation and has entered into its experiences; and his workmanship, though sometimes falling short of the ultimate felicity of free and beautiful expression, shows the possession of a faculty adequate to his thought. In such promise as his work affords we may take heart and wait patiently, without adulation or urgency, for the ripe fruit of wise living, the responsive imagination, and devotion to the most exacting, the most spiritual, and the most inspiring of the arts which interpret man to himself, and light the hard and painful ways of his work and sorrow and hope.

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## Selling and Giving

It is often said, somewhat reproachfully, that the highest kinds of work receive far less remuneration than the lower forms of work. In the nature of things this can hardly be otherwise than true. The great artist can hardly expect to be rewarded as the great financier is rewarded; he ought not to expect it, for his reward is not primarily material; he is paid in many kinds of currency besides the coin of the realm. There is, however, another side to the whole question which is not often taken into account. We forget that the finest qualities of work never were and never can be paid for; it is impossible to fix their value, and it would be discreditable to a man to receive pay for them. The workman in the arts or in the professions has a right to sell his skill, his judgment, and his experience at the highest market prices, but he cannot sell that which gives his work its ultimate value: the charm, characteristic quality, and the spiritual energy of his personality. These are the qualities which give the work of the artist its deepest attractiveness, its individuality, and its atmosphere. They are to be found, however, also, in the work of the professional man. The physician can sell his skill, his experience, his technical knowledge, but he cannot be paid for his devotion, his unsparing and conscientious endeavor through a life consecrated to his profession to bring the whole body of the knowledge and experience of the world to bear on every case, and, if necessary, to surrender something of his own life for the sake of saving the life of another. The great preacher can never be paid; he would cease to be great if he were fully and adequately paid for his pulpit work. It is impossible to think for a moment of paying a man like Phillips Brooks for his services. No one could listen to him without feeling deeply and keenly the unpurchasable elements in his preaching; things which he could not sell, and which the world could not buy. The spiritual fervor of his own lofty idealism, the righteousness of his life, the inexhaustible deeps of human sympathy which lay below his thought and his speech; these elements, which made him the great preacher he was, he could not have sold; if he had tried to sell them he would have ceased to possess them. In like manner the writer can sell his skill, his mastery of his materials, his wit, his humor, and his thought, but he cannot sell those things which give his work its deepest influence and its ultimate charm. No great writer has ever been adequately paid, and no great writer ever will be adequately paid, because the things in which he deals are essential, unsalable, and unpurchasable. A statesman like Mr. Gladstone may receive fairly adequate compensation for the time and strength which he puts into his work, but no country could afford to pay a man like Mr. Gladstone for his real service to it. He could not sell the character which gave his words such impulse, nor could the country buy it. The higher the work, the more impossible it becomes to pay for it. A man who is adequately and completely paid for what he is doing is

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doing very little and doing it on a very low plane. God compels us to give, no matter how niggardly we are by nature; and a man's greatness is measured in the exact proportion in which he gives that which he cannot sell and which the world could not buy. In every man's work that which is given ought to immensely preponderate over that which is sold.

# The Oklahoma Land Lottery

By John Gilmer Speed

ON the Fourth of July the President issued a proclamation opening something like five million acres of land in the Indian Territory to white settlement. He also described the method by which this great and valuable tract of land is to be allotted to settlers. This allotment will supply about fifteen thousand farms to bona-fide settlers, and will add a rich and fertile tract to the cultivated area of the country. In a recent article in The Outlook the present prosperity of Oklahoma was described, and it was demonstrated that this is one of the very richest agricultural sections of the country. The desire to get these lands is therefore very keen, and it is not improbable that for every farm disposed of there will be twenty applicants.

There would have been many more applicants than farms, even though the President had decided to throw this new territory open in the same way that was adopted when the original Oklahoma tract was settled ten years or so ago. The crude plan then used was called a "rush," a name that was entirely descriptive. The candidates for quarter-mile sections of land—that is, tracts of one hundred and sixty acres each—were lined up on the border, which was very insecurely guarded by a small force of Federal troops. At a given time a pistol shot was fired by the army officer in command, and the mad race for free homes began. Those in the race found that there were thousands of "sooners" on the ground before them, and these men claimed title by the right of first possession. The courts in the Territory have been busy ever since in determining the merits of contested claims, and it is notoriously the fact that the "sooners," who were illegally first on the ground, have not infrequently secured final title to farms which they practically had stolen. Such a method of settlement of new territory is very unfair, as the law-abiding man who tries to carry out the regulations officially provided is at a serious disadvantage, while the bullies, the murderers, and other desperadoes carry pretty nearly all before them. It takes years for a community so settled to weed out and exterminate the undesirable people naturally attracted to it by so adventuresome a plan of allotment.

The people chiefly active in urging the opening of this new tract are those who live in that section of the country and have had experience in acquiring land in the manner described. They were pretty nearly all in favor of another "rush," and it is quite likely that at this moment there are thousands of desperate "sooners" hiding in the brush and hopefully waiting for the time when they can appear in the open and secure for themselves the most desirable places in the new tract. But the President has hit upon a new plan, and has decreed that the quarter sections shall be awarded by lot among the applicants. In other words, the President has set up a land lottery in which several hundred thousand citizens of the United States will take chances and through which some fifteen thousand will draw prizes. The Louisiana Lottery has been suppressed by the Postal Department of the United States; now the Interior Department is organizing the Oklahoma lottery. This is a pretty sorry business, even though it is for once only.

The President might have selected a much more sensible plan with the aid of Congress, and, at the same time, escaped the wrong of giving away five millions of acres of land for practically nothing. Quite apart from the fact that it is wrong in both morals and economics for a man to get something for nothing, these lands should have been made to realize their

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full value, and that value should accrue to the benefit of the rightful owners—the Comanche, the Kiowa, and Apache tribes of Indians. All well-informed people in that section of the country, and very many elsewhere, know of the value of these lands. That is why they are so keen to secure them. Their greed is not stimulated by poverty, but by the knowledge that in these virgin lands, now that there is quick railroad connections with the rest of the country, there are potentialities of wealth which make the farming lands of the older States seem poor and unprofitable. They want the lands because of the quick wealth to be taken from them. Now, these lands would sell so quickly that the settlement on them would be just as rapid as by a "rush," or through a lottery; and the purchasers would be more desirable citizens of what is soon to be a new State. It seems to me that Oklahoma would be immeasurably better off if the lands were sold by public auction to bona-fide settlers only, the highest bidder not being permitted to prove his title until he had lived on his purchase for a year, and no bidder being allowed to secure more than one quarter section. Such a regulation would prevent capitalists from acquiring an undue share of the land, and so the scheme would not be open to the objection that the poor were not given a fair chance.

Then, again, the Indians should have the full value of their land. I know such ideas are not popular in the West; there otherwise good men and good women hold to the cruel theory that an Indian is good for nothing till he is dead. But moralists, not prejudiced by selfish interests, do not have such a belief, and it is absolutely certain that history will not approve the notion that the Indians have no rights that the white people are bound to respect. I am not suggesting that the many millions that this immense tract of rich land might have been sold for should have been turned over to the Indians for them to do with as they chose; but it could have been held in trust for them, and used to assist in the civilization of the remnant which will resist the present process of extermination.

The press despatches from Oklahoma tell us that twenty thousand people are already encamped on the border and ready to move into the new tract as soon as the day—the 6th of August—arrives when it is declared open. These men and women should have no better chance to acquire quarter sections under the plan adopted than the applicants who stay quietly at home, whether that home be in Maine, in Florida, or in California. If the land is to be given away, it is only right that all in the country with land hunger should have an equal chance, for the man in Kansas, Colorado, or Oklahoma has no superior right in the new territory because of present residence. And it is quite fair to presume that there will be applications from all over the country. For instance, I have no crying need for a farm in Oklahoma, but I would like to try my chances with the rest. The first cost would only be a two-cent postage-stamp; and a year's residence on a new farm in a new country is full of attractions.

But it must not be supposed that these thousands of men who have been waiting for months on the borders will abandon hope because of the new method promulgated by the President. Many no doubt will turn back, but many will go on and establish themselves in the new land. Then, when the men turn up with the prize titles they have drawn in the lottery, they will find, in many instances, desperate men in possession and ready by force of arms to assert the squatter's right. If force be not resorted to, then there will be the slow and heart-breaking trials in the courts of law; and here the Federal Government, as the grantor, is not likely to take a hand. That has not been the Federal way. The more likely course will be that the claimants will have to fight it out at their own expense. When the trouble is over, the lawyers very likely will own the best of all that is in sight. The new section of Oklahoma seems to be a very inviting field just now for lawyers who wish to extend their practice.

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# A Talk with General Wood

By Edward Marshall

[Most of our readers will recall the fact that Mr. Marshall, the author of this article, was one of the first of New York newspaper correspondents to go to the front in the Cuban war, and that he was so seriously wounded in the battle of Las Guasimas (June 24, 1898) that for a time his life hung by a thread. The present article contains, we believe, the fullest expression of General Wood's views about Cuba that has been given to the public. The interview has been submitted to General Wood and approved by him.—THE EDITORS.]

TO Major-General Leonard Wood, Governor-General of Cuba, the situation in that island seems simple. Whatever its political future may be, he feels certain that it will be calm and conservative. He has no fear for Cuba in the days to come; he has great confidence in its people. He has knowledge of its great resources.

I talked with him yesterday in the same old palace where Weyler and Blanco once held the fort. His power in Cuba to-day is almost as great as theirs used to be. He does not, however, use it as they used theirs. The one effort of his administration has been to adapt American methods to Latin requirements, and he has done it well. It has been a difficult task, and there are, very likely, details in which he has not been wholly successful; but in the main he has accomplished with surprising ability that which he set out to do.

He believes in all of the island of Cuba. He believes in the majority of the people who live in it. The majority of the people who live in it believe in him. What he has already succeeded in doing with the island plainly shows that his belief in it is justified by facts.

Poor Porto Rico accounts for nearly all her shortcomings by the fact that she was stricken by a hurricane. There is no prosperity within her shores, and this one great disaster is the good excuse she makes for it. Cuba is unquestionably at last becoming prosperous, although her disaster of the war was infinitely more devastating than Porto Rico's cyclone. The marvel of her rise from her own ashes is largely due to Leonard Wood. He said to me:

"The so-called Cuban problem will solve itself. We have done those things which we have had to do here as intelligently as we knew how; but not all the intelligence which has been displayed has been our own. American writers have written as if we had planted brains in virgin soil when we entered into Cuba, as if the first bright flicker of honesty had lighted up the island when our flag went up, as if intelligence had been unknown there before we brought it with us. All this is wrong.

"After the war was over Cuba was of course practically in a state of chaos. A man may be ill without being an idiot, and when he is ill he requires the services of a physician, and perhaps of nurses; he may even become completely helpless for a time without reflecting on his normal ability to care for himself and work for others. So it was with Cuba. Torn and racked by war, disorganized, dismayed, disheartened by years of conflict—she was ill when by the act of the American occupation we came to help her. It would be folly to say that she is wholly recovered. There are many lingering effects of the trouble through which she has passed, but with her increasing health she will throw them off as easily as we threw off those which followed our War of the Rebellion.

"I feel no more concerned about the future of this island than I feel about the future of my native State. Its resources are so vast and splendid that prosperity is sure to come. Its merchants and planters are intelligent and energetic, and under the conditions of peace and industry which have come to them since the war they will hasten the advance of that prosperity.

"I do not care to discuss the politics of Cuba. There are good and bad in Cuban politics as there are good and bad in the politics of every country. When people cry out that there are dishonest men in politics in Cuba I wonder if they ever recall to mind the fact that there



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have been dishonest men in politics at home. So much for politics.

"No house will stand without foundations, no country can be prosperous unless that prosperity is built upon the God-given resources of fertility and richness in the actual earth which forms it. Take Cuba, province by province. What State in our own land shows a greater variety or a greater wealth of possibilities.

"Santiago province perhaps offers the greatest opportunity of development in mines, in coffee, in cacao. In this one province alone there are immense undeveloped areas of the finest sugar-land and enough magnificent land unplanted to equal the present total output of the island. Fine forests of valuable timber, consisting largely of splendid native hard woods, including much mahogany, have never known the ax and are only waiting for development to become a great source of wealth. But Santiago's greatest riches are mineral; its vast deposits of oxide of manganese and high-grade iron-ore are as rich as any in the world. There are mountains almost made of iron which will run sixty per cent. to the ton when smelted. Less is known about copper in the province, but I know enough to freely state that enormous deposits exist there. Besides this, Santiago province in general is good farming-land and offers magnificent agricultural opportunities to settlers. It cannot be said that any part of Cuba has been thoroughly developed; indeed, the island may be called a brand-new country. Of all the provinces Santiago probably holds the most of this undeveloped wealth, its greatest resources being mineral.

"Puerto Principe is a good cattle country. There is also much fine timber standing in its southern part, and much entirely undeveloped wealth in the way of copper and iron ores. Asphalt is another source of riches in this province. Much of this asphalt is so fine that it is used not for paving but for the manufacture of varnishes. The asphalt has not yet been tried for paving, but will be in Havana. Tremendous deposits of asphalt, indeed, exist in many parts of the island, and there are probably many which have not been discovered. There are parts of Cuba, small as the island is, which have not even been prospected. As a matter of fact there is actually room on this island for the explorer, and many surprises lie in wait for coming generations.

"The eastern end of Santa Clara province is made up of rich tobacco, coffee, and grazing country. The middle of the province and its western end consist of fine sugar-lands. Much of this province is entirely undeveloped.

"Matanzas and Havana provinces are sugar-lands with splendid tobacco-plantations in western Havana. I need make no comment on the quality of these tobacco-lands. Havana cigars and Cuban tobacco are known and worshipped from one end of the smoking world to the other. Havana comes nearer to being fully developed than any other province.

"The province of Pinar del Rio is very largely undeveloped. Its riches consist principally at present of fine tobacco-land, and probably much of the undeveloped country may in the future be successfully used for sugar culture.

"Even the little Isle of Pines holds millions of dollars of undeveloped wealth in the way of marble and iron. Its timber has been pretty well cut, merely because its small size and the fact that vessels could easily reach it made transportation comparatively easy. Between the Isle of Pines and the mainland are famous sponge fisheries, and on the island in many places are fine mineral springs, which when investigated will doubtless prove to be of great medicinal value. This makes it possible that the island will some day become an important health resort, although that of course is still a long way off."

I asked General Wood whether or not he would advise the young Americans who are ever seeking opportunities to go to Cuba in their search for them. He answered:

"Of course. Where else in so comparatively small an area within such easy access of the markets of the world can any such range of undeveloped wealth be found. I have the most unbounded faith in Cuba. If I were a millionaire looking for investment I certainly should bring my money here, knowing what I know of Cuba's 'dormant wealth.'"

"How about her people?"

"The question answers itself. See what

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they have gone through. I am glad to have a chance to say that with every day I have been in Cuba my admiration for the Cubans has increased. The Cubans have their faults, but they have no more than the average run of plain humanity, and it must be remembered that they have labored under many disadvantages. The Spaniards on the island are as fine a class of people as I ever knew. They are honest, industrious, and as faithful in their devotion to the island as if no war with Spain had ever happened. The word of the average Spanish merchant is as good as his bond. I have heard almost no complaint about sharp dealing among Spanish merchants. The native Cuban is a good farmer, whether as the owner and manager of a plantation or as a worker on it. Most of the professional men in Cuba also are native Cubans, and many of them are of great ability. The Cuban physicians and lawyers are, as a rule, good men; these are the great elements of strength in the population. The element of weakness is the drifting population of the towns. This element—which offers a serious problem—is a direct and natural outcome of the long war with Spain; it will gradually eliminate itself, however, in all probability. So far as morals go, the population here will average up about as other populations average, I suppose. I will say this emphatically: the average of crimes against property and against person is much smaller than we have any right to expect in the circumstances. After the war there were many bandits in the country; they have disappeared. There were bandits in our own country after our Civil War."

A day or two before I had this conversation with General Wood a Havana paper had come out with a letter from Señor Bock, the manager of a great tobacco manufactory in Pinar del Rio province, asking the United States Government to keep its pledge and protect the population and its property against bandits, and intimating that the province was overrun with them; it further stated that one of its employees had been attacked and fired upon at night, and that life and property were in peril throughout the province. This occurred during General Wood's absence in Washington, but the matter was instantly looked into by Captain Slocum, superintendent of the Rural Guards. It soon developed that the report which had animated Señor Bock's letter was a canard, pure and simple. It is extremely doubtful if anybody fired upon the man, and he himself declared that the matter was of small consequence; that he had not dreamed of reporting it to his employers. The story which caused Señor Bock to write his letter was merely one of a series of stupid attempts to discredit the United States Government in Cuba.

General Wood made one very striking remark in connection with the subject of the safety of the island.

"There is no more need for the traveler in Cuba," he said, "to fear violence than there is need for a man to expect assassination on the most quiet and peaceful street of the calmest village in the United States. I should not hesitate," and here the General spoke with emphasis, "to put my wife and baby in a volente with only the driver, and he unarmed, to protect them and send them over any road in Cuba. They might drive from here to Santiago in this way without giving me one qualm of fear that they would be molested by robbers or other lawless persons."

I asked concerning the truth of the stories of Cuban hostility towards the United States.

"It has been my constant surprise," he said, "to see such stories in print in the home papers. They certainly are not true. We have done all that we could do to meet any just and reasonable demands of the Cuban people, and they have certainly done a great deal to show their appreciation of what we have done. There are soreheads in Cuba as there are soreheads everywhere. Much of the criticism of the actions of the United States Government has been animated by disgruntled Americans who have given their strictures to the press as being opinions of Cubans and not their own. We have made every effort down here not only to give the Cubans a just government, but to give them a government of the kind they fought for and for which so many of them died. In the appointment of the Cabinet here, on which we have continually called for counsel, members of the Revolutionary party—the party to whose efforts Cuba will owe the freedom which

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soon will come to her—have been especially considered.

"That there was no lack of proper material in this party will be shown by a brief glimpse at the names and records of the men in the Cabinet: Señor Tamayo, the Secretary of State and Government, was the former President of the Academy of Science, and is a graduate and professor of the University. He was formerly a member of the Central Committee of the Autonomist party. The Autonomist party was strictly conservative during the days of the Spanish régime. It demanded of Spain about as much home-rule as each State in our Union has, but wished Cuba to still remain a part of Spain.

"Señor Varela is the Secretary of Justice. He was a sympathizer with the revolution and in the ten years' war served in the insurgent army. He was graduated from the University of Madrid, and became the Judge of the Supreme Court of Cuba, and was named as Secretary of the entire Supreme Court. He is strong and conservative.

Señor Varona, the Secretary of Public Instruction, is a graduate of the University of Havana and one of its professors. He also was a member of the Autonomist party and at one time a delegate to the Spanish Cortes. He has an international reputation as a writer of philosophical books in Spanish.

"Señor Lacoste is the Secretary of Agriculture and Commerce. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and is an American citizen. He has the absolute confidence of the most conservative property-holders in Cuba, and is the President of the Planters' Association for the whole island. He remained in Havana during the war as the representative of the Revolutionary party.

"Señor Cancio, the Secretary of Finance, was a member of the old Autonomist party. He was an old Spanish official and a professor in the University. He was known as a conservative, but every Cuban on the island recognized him as a sympathizer with the revolution.

"Señor Villalon, the Secretary of Public Works, is a graduate of Lehigh University, and a civil engineer of excellent standing. He served as a colonel in the Cuban army."

I asked General Wood what he thought of Cuba's ability to govern herself. He said:

"If her commercial and agricultural elements will enter the struggle and accept office a good government can be formed. I thoroughly believe in and have advised a reduction of duties in the United States on Cuban sugar and tobacco. The Cuban people will be more than willing to give a corresponding and compensating reduction on the products of the United States. Cuba offers to the United States a magnificent market for almost all manufactured goods, and for the sugar machinery.

"We have done what we could for Cuba, and Cuba has done much for herself. War is a great disaster to any nation, and Cuba has had plenty of it. When we came here there was little money in the island. Every municipal treasury was empty. Some of them are still in debt, but these are debts contracted before the war. There exist no debts contracted since the American occupation. We are assisting them, but we are assisting them out of Cuban funds drawn from customs and internal-revenue taxes. All of the expenses of the United States troops, as to the building of camps and barracks and the cost of the sanitary work for the whole island, has also been paid from the Cuban funds. These funds are raised by a tax on the income of property, not on its value, as with us, and by an internal-revenue tax, but principally by customs. The system is similar to that of France, Italy, most of Germany, and Spain. It is a system which is bad for the country, but it was here when we came, and it is unwise to make any sudden change in the method of land taxation. Its principal evil consists in the fact that if a landowner chooses to let his land lie idle while he lives on other funds in Paris or elsewhere, that land pays no income to the Government. The entire burden of taxation is thrown on the shoulders of the producers. This places a premium on lack of enterprise and thrift. Vast areas of land are idle in Cuba because they are owned by rich men too indolent to work them, and who because of their indolence are exempt from taxation. At first I tried to make a change in this system, but found that it would be dangerous during the period of reconstruction. The system is not bad in thickly populated

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districts; its evils are principally felt in those sections of the islands which are unsettled and undeveloped."

I called General Wood's attention here to statements made in Porto Rico to the effect that it is the belief of many men, well posted and conservative, that the only salvation of that island lies in depopulation. On an area not larger than Rhode Island a population of 1,500,000 must depend for its support. There is, it is said, scarcely an inch of land in Porto Rico which does not do its full share towards supplying what it can for the support of the population, except that which was devastated by the hurricane, and which has not yet been revived, yet actual starvation exists in Porto Rico, and will exist there until at least one-third of its population has died off or moved away.

"The situation in Cuba," said General Wood, "is totally different. Cuba is capable of supporting from eight to ten times its present population. The island of Java has less productive land, and has a population of 28,000,000. Any one of the provinces of Cuba is entirely capable of supporting the entire population of the island. This is not only true, but, with one exception, every province in the island is capable of doing it with the greatest ease, without destitution and without especially minute development."

I asked General Wood to explain the failure of the La Gloria Settlement. He would not speak of it at length, but he said that he believed that La Gloria would come out all right. He repeated his assertion that he would and did cheerfully advise every young man in the United States looking for opportunities to emigrate to Cuba, and said:

"The La Gloria matter is a local detail. No one small spot on the map of Cuba can color the whole chart. Whether or not La Gloria was a good place for colonists to go to, it is unquestionably true that there are many magnificent locations for settlement. And, furthermore, I wish to say that there is very little to be feared from the climate. The climate of Cuba has certain disadvantages common to tropical countries, but they are no greater than those to be found in many of our Southern States. It is only fair to say, when people talk of the dangers of a tropical climate, and speak of Cuba critically therefor, that the rigors of a Northern climate also have their disadvantages. No place is perfect. Cuba presents a field of magnificent possibilities for the enterprising American."

The day before I had this talk with General Wood I had discussed matters with many Cuban politicians, and had been impressed by their greed and political avarice. I asked the General about this, and he smiled.

"Havana," said he, "is like Washington at the end of a long Congressional session—it is like Washington in the days of Reconstruction after our Civil War. Every man who thinks his own particular bill will not get through believes the island is going to the 'demnition bow-wows,' and every man whose bill does go through is highly pleased and earnestly convinced of the shining prosperity of Cuba."

There are two statements which are not quotations from my conversation with General Wood which deserve to be made. The first concerns the reports of disorder and lawlessness. The Bock letter worried General Wood, worried the authorities at Washington, and worried the people of the island. General Wood wired to every alcalde in Santa Clara province, where disorder was said to be most rife, and each alcalde immediately replied that his section had never in its history been more orderly.

And here is a statement concerning General Wood's administration of the island. About $42,000,000 of United States money has been expended here, of which $26,000,000 has been spent during his administration. Last year the Bacon resolution in Congress called suddenly and unexpectedly for an accounting of General Wood's stewardship of these vast funds. In compliance with the resolution General Wood and his associates did a thing which was amazing. Without hesitation and without delay they not only accounted for every dollar which had been spent, but they forwarded to Washington the original receipts and vouchers as well as the original orders for every penny of the expenditure. There have been few cases of dishonesty among the officials in Cuba. There is not a State in the United States where such deplorable incidents have not occurred.

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# THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN[1]

## *An Autobiography*

## BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "A Ten Years' War," etc., etc.

### Chapter X.—My Dog is Avenged

THE lilacs blossom under my window, as I begin this chapter, and the bees are humming among them; the sweet smell of wild cherry comes up from the garden where the sunlight lies upon the young grass. Robin and oriole call to their mates in the trees. There upon the lawn is Elisabeth tending some linen laid out to dry. Her form is as lithe and her step as light as in the days I have written about, grandmother as she is. I can see, though her back is turned, the look of affectionate pride with which she surveys our home, for I know well enough what she is thinking of. And so it has been; a blessed, good home; how could it help being that with her in it? They say it is a sign one is growing old when one's thoughts dwell much on the past. Perhaps with me it is only a sign that the printers are on the war-path. Often when I hear her sing with the children my mind wanders back to the long winter evenings in those early years when she sat listening late for my step. She sang then to keep up her courage. My work in Mulberry Street was at night, and she was much alone, even as I was, fighting my battles there. She had it out with the home-sickness then, and I think hers was a good deal the harder fight. I had the enemy all in front where I could see to whack him. But so we found ourselves and each other, and it was worth all it cost.

Except in the short winter days, it was always broad daylight when I came home from work. My route from the office lay through the Fourth and the Sixth Wards, the worst in the city, and for years I walked every morning between two and four o'clock the whole length of Mulberry Street, through the Bend and across the Five Points down to Fulton Ferry. There were cars on the Bowery, but I liked to walk, for so I saw the slum when off its guard. The instinct to pose is as strong there as it is on Fifth Avenue. It is a human impulse, I suppose. We all like to be thought well of by our fellows. But at 3 A.M. the veneering is off and you see the true grain of a thing. So, also, I got a picture of the Bend upon my mind which so soon as I should be able to transfer it to that of the community would help settle with that pig-sty according to its deserts. It was not fit for Christian men and women, let alone innocent children, to live in, and therefore it had to go. So with the police lodging-rooms, some of the worst of which were right there, at the Mulberry Street Station and around the corner in Elizabeth Street. The way of it never gave me any concern that I remember. That would open as soon as the truth was told. The trouble was that people did not know and had no means of finding out for themselves. But I had. Accordingly I went poking about among the foul alleys and fouler tenements of the Bend when they slept in their filth, sometimes with the policeman on the beat, more often alone, sounding the misery and the depravity of it to their depth. I think a notion of the purpose of it all crept into the office, even while I was only half aware of it myself, for when, after a year's service at the police office, I was taken with a longing for the open, as it were, and went to the city editor who had succeeded Mr. Shanks with the request that I be transferred to general work, he refused flatly. I had made a good record as a police reporter, but it was not that.

"Go back and stay," he said. "Unless I am much mistaken, you are finding something up there that needs you. Wait and see."

And so for the second time I was turned back to the task I wanted to shirk. Jonah was one of us sure enough. Those who see only the whale fail to catch the

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point in the most human story ever told—a point, I am afraid, that has a special application to most of us.

I have often been asked if such slumming is not full of peril. No, not if you are there on business. Mere sightseeing at such unseasonable hours might easily be. But the man who is sober and minds his own business—which presupposes that he has business to mind there—runs no risk anywhere in New York, by night or by day. Such a man will take the other side of the street when he sees a gang ahead spoiling for a fight, and where he does go he will carry the quiet assumption of authority that comes with the consciousness of a right to be where he is. That usually settles it. There was perhaps another factor in my case that helped. Whether it was my slouch hat and my spectacles, or the fact that I had been often called into requisition to help an ambulance surgeon patch up an injured man, the nickname "Doc" had somehow stuck to me, and I was supposed by many to be a physician connected with the Health Department. Doctors are never molested in the slum. It does not know but that its turn to need them is coming next. No more was I. I can think of only two occasions in more than twenty years of police reporting when I was in actual peril, though once I was very badly frightened.

One was when a cry of murder had lured me down Crosby Street into a saloon on the corner of Jersey Street, where the gang of the neighborhood had just stabbed the saloon-keeper in a drunken brawl. He was lying in a chair surrounded by shrieking women as I ran in. On the instant the doors were slammed and barred behind me, and I found myself on the battlefield with the battle raging unabated. Bottles were flying thick and fast, and the bar was going to smash. As I bent over the wounded man, I saw that he was done for. The knife was even then sticking in his neck, its point driven into the backbone. The instinct of the reporter came uppermost, and as I pulled it out and held it up in a pause of the fray, I asked incautiously:

"Whose knife is this?"

A whisky-bottle that shaved within an inch of my head, followed by an angry oath, at once recalled me to myself and showed me my rôle.

"You tend to your business, you infernal body-snatcher, and let us run ours," ran the message, and I understood. I called for bandages, a sponge, and a basin, and acted the surgeon as well as I could, trying to stanch the flow of blood, while the racket rose and the women shrieked louder with each passing moment. Through the turmoil I strained every nerve to catch the sound of policemen's tramp. It was hardly three minutes' run to the station-house, but time never dragged as it did then. Once I thought relief had come; but as I listened and caught the wail of men being beaten in the street, I smiled wickedly in the midst of my own troubles, for the voices told me that my opponents from headquarters, following on my track, had fallen among thieves: half the gang were then outside. At last, just as an empty keg knocked my patient from his chair, the doors fell in with a crash; the reserves had come. Their clubs soon cleared the air and relieved me of my involuntary task, with my patient yet alive.

Another time, turning a corner in the small hours of the morning, I came suddenly upon a gang of drunken roughs ripe for mischief. The leader had a long dirk-knife with which he playfully jabbed me in the ribs, insolently demanding what I thought of it. I seized him by the wrist with as calm a pretense of considering the knife as I could summon up, but really to prevent his cutting me. I felt the point pricking through my clothes.

"About two inches longer than the law allows," I said, sparring for time. "I think I will take that."

I knew even as I said it that I had cast the die; he held my life in his hand. It was a simple question of which was the stronger, and it was already decided. Despite my utmost effort to stay it, the point of the knife was piercing my skin. The gang stood by, watching the silent struggle. I knew them—the Why-ōs, the worst cutthroats in the city, charged with a dozen murders, and robberies without end. A human life was to them, in the mood they were in, worth as much as the dirt under their feet, no more. At that instant, not six feet behind their backs, Captain McCullagh—the same who after-

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ward became Chief—turned the corner with his precinct detective. I gathered all my strength and gave the ruffian's hand a mighty twist that turned the knife aside. I held it out for inspection.

"What do you think of it, Cap?"

Four brawny fists scattered the gang to the winds for an answer. The knife was left in my hand.

They gave me no time to get frightened. Once when I really was scared, it was entirely my own doing. And, furthermore, it served me right. It was on a very hot July morning that, coming down Mulberry Street, I saw a big gray cat sitting on a beer-keg outside a corner saloon. It was fast asleep, and snored so loudly that it aroused my anger. It is bad enough to have a man snore, but a cat—! It was not to be borne. I hauled off with my cane and gave the beast a most cruel and undeserved blow to teach it better manners. The snoring was smothered in a yell, the cat came down from the keg, and to my horror there rose from behind the corner an angry Celtic swearing a blue streak. He seemed to my anguished gaze at least nine feet tall. He had been asleep at his own door when my blow aroused him, and it was his stocking feet, propped up on the keg as he dozed in his chair around the corner, I had mistaken for a gray cat. It was not a time for explanations. I did the only thing there was to be done; I ran. Far and fast did I run. It was my good luck that his smarting feet kept him from following, or I might not have lived to tell this tale. As I said, it served me right. Perhaps it is in the way of reparation that I now support twelve cats upon my premises. Three of them are clawing at my study door this minute demanding to be let in. But I cannot even claim the poor merit of providing for them. It is my daughter who runs the cats; I merely growl at and feed them.

The mention of Bowery night cars brings to my mind an episode of that time which was thoroughly characteristic of the "highway that never sleeps." I was on the way down town in one, with a single fellow-passenger who was asleep just inside the door, his head nodding with every jolt as though it were in danger of coming off. At Grand Street a German boarded the car and proffered a bad half-dollar in payment of his fare. The conductor bit it and gave it back with a grunt of contempt. The German fell into a state of excitement at once.

"Vat!" he shouted, "it vas pad?" and slapped the coin down on the wooden seat with all his might, that we might hear the ring. It rebounded with a long slant and fell into the lap of the sleeping passenger, who instantly woke up, grabbed the half-dollar, and vanished through the door and into the darkness, without as much as looking around, all in a breath, followed by the desolate howl of the despoiled German:

"Himmel! One United Shdades half-dollar clean gone!"

The time came at length when I exchanged night work for day work, and I was not sorry. A new life began for me, with greatly enlarged opportunities. I had been absorbing impressions up till then. I met men now in whose companionship they began to crystallize, to form into definite convictions; men of learning, of sympathy, and of power. My eggs hatched. From that time dates my friendship, priceless to me, with Dr. Roger S. Tracy, then a sanitary inspector in the Health Department, later its distinguished statistician, to whom I owe pretty much all the understanding I have ever had of the problems I have battled with; for he is very wise, while I am rather dull of wit. But directly as I get talking things over with him, I brighten right up. I met Professor Charles F. Chandler, Major Willard Bullard, Dr. Edward H. Janes—men to whose practical wisdom and patient labors in the shaping of the Health Department's work the metropolis owes a greater debt than it is aware of; Dr. John T. Nagle, whose friendly camera later on gave me some invaluable lessons; and General Ely Parker, Chief of the Seneca Nation.

I suppose it was the fact that he was an Indian that first attracted me to him. As the years passed we became great friends, and I loved nothing better in an idle hour than to smoke a pipe with the General in his poky little office at Police Headquarters. That was about all there was to it, too, for he rarely opened his mouth except to grunt approval of something I was saying. When, once in a while, it would happen that some of his people came down from the Reservation

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or from Canada, the powwow that ensued was my dear delight. Three pipes and about eleven grunts made up the whole of it, but it was none the less entirely friendly and satisfactory. We all have our own ways of doing things, and that was theirs. He was a noble old fellow. His title was no trumpery show, either. It was fairly earned on more than one bloody field with Grant's army. Parker was Grant's military secretary, and wrote the original draft of the surrender at Appomattox, which he kept to his death with great pride. It was not General Parker, however, but Donehagawa, Chief of the Senecas and guardian of the western door of the council lodge, that appealed to me, who in my boyhood had lived with Leatherstocking and with Uncas and Chingachgook. They had something to do with my coming here, and at last I had for a friend one of their kin. I think he felt the bond of sympathy between us and prized it, for he showed me in many silent ways that he was fond of me. There was about him an infinite pathos, penned up there in his old age among the tenements of Mulberry Street on the pay of a second-rate clerk, that never ceased to appeal to me. When he lay dead, stricken like the soldier he was at his post, some letters of his to Mrs. Harriet Converse, the adopted child of his tribe, went to my heart. They were addressed to her on her travels. He was of the "wolf" tribe, she a "snipe." "From the wolf to the wandering snipe," they ran. Even in Mulberry Street he was a true son of the forest.

Perhaps the General's sympathies went out to me as a fighter. The change of front from night to day brought no let-up on hostilities in our camp; rather the reverse. For this there was good cause: I had interfered with long-cherished privileges. I found the day men coming to work at all hours from ten to twelve or even one o'clock. I went on duty at eight, and the immediate result was to compel all the others to do the same. This was a sore grievance, and was held against me for a long time. The logical outcome of the war it provoked was to stretch the day further into the small hours. Before I left Mulberry Street the circuit had been made. The watch now is kept up through the twenty-four hours without interruption. Like its neighbor the Bowery, Mulberry Street never sleeps.

There had been in 1879 an awakening of the public conscience on the tenement-house question which I had followed with interest, because it had started in the churches that have always seemed to me to be the right forum for such a discussion, on every ground, and most for their own sake and the cause they stand for. But the awakening proved more of a sleepy yawn than real—like a man stretching himself in bed with half a mind to get up. Five years later, in 1884, came the Tenement-House Commission which first brought home to us the fact that the people living in the tenements were "better than the houses." That was a big white milestone on a dreary road. From that time on we hear of "souls" in the slum. The property end of it had held the stage up till then, and in a kind of self-defense, I suppose, we had had to forget that the people there had souls. Because you couldn't very well count souls as chattels yielding so much income to the owner; it would not be polite toward the Lord, say. Sounds queer, but if that was not the attitude I would like to know what was. The Commission met at Police Headquarters, and I sat through all its sessions as a reporter, and heard every word of testimony, which was more than some of the Commissioners did. Mr. Ottendorfer and Mr. Drexel, the banker, took many a quiet little nap when things were dull. One man the landlords, who had their innings to the full, never caught off his guard. His clear, incisive questions, that went through all subterfuges to the root of things, were sometimes like flashes of lightning on a dark night discovering the landscape far and near. He was Dr. Felix Adler, whom I met there for the first time. The passing years have given him a very warm place in my heart. Adler was born a Jew. Often when I think of the position the Christian Church took, or rather did not take, on a matter so nearly concerning it as the murder of the home in a tenement population of a million souls—for that was what it came to—I am reminded of a talk we had once in Dr. Adler's study. I was going to Boston to speak to a body of clergymen at their monthly dinner meeting. He had shortly before received an invitation to address

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the same body on "The Personality of Christ," but did not go.

"What did you tell them?" I asked.

The Doctor smiled a thoughtful little smile as he said: "I told them that the personality of Christ was too sacred a subject for me to discuss at an after-dinner meeting in a swell hotel."

Does that help you to understand that among the strongest of moral forces in Christian New York was and is Adler, the Jew or heretic, take it whichever way you please?

Four years later the finishing touch was put to the course I took with the Adler Tenement-House Commission, when, toward the end of a three days' session in Chickering Hall of ministers of every sect who were concerned about the losing fight the Church was waging among the masses, a man stood in the meeting and cried out, "How are these men and women to understand the love of God you speak of, when they see only the greed of men?" He was a builder, Alfred T. White, of Brooklyn, who had proved the faith that was in him by building real homes for the people, and had proved, too, that they were a paying investment. It was just a question whether a man would take seven per cent. and save his soul, or twenty-five and lose it. And I might as well add here that it is the same story yet. All our hopes for betterment, all our battling with the tenement-house question, sum themselves up in the effort, since there are men yet who would take twenty-five per cent. and run that risk, to compel them to t ke seven and save their souls for them. I wanted to jump up in my seat at that time and shout Amen! But I remembered that I was a reporter and kept still. It was that same winter, however, that I wrote the title of my book, "How the Other Half Lives," and copyrighted it. The book itself did not come until two years after, but it was as good as written then. I had my text.

It was at that Chickering Hall meeting that I heard the gospel preached to the poor in the only way that will ever reach them. It was the last word that was said, and I have always believed that it was not exactly in the plan. I saw some venerable brethren on the platform, bishops among them, wince when Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, rending some eminently respectable platitudes to shreds and tatters, cried out for personal service, loving touch, as the key to it all!

"What if, when the poor leper came to the Lord to be healed, he had said to Peter or some other understrapper, 'Here, Peter, you go touch that fellow and I'll pay you for it'? Or what if the Lord, when he came on earth, had come a day at a time and brought his lunch with him, and had gone home to heaven overnight? Would the world ever have come to call him brother? We have got to give, not our old clothes, not our prayers. Those are cheap. You can kneel down on a carpet and pray where it is warm and comfortable. Not our soup—that is sometimes very cheap. Not our money—a stingy man will give money when he refuses to give himself. Just so soon as a man feels that you sit down alongside of him in loving sympathy with him, notwithstanding his poor, notwithstanding his sick and his debased estate, just so soon you begin to worm your way into the very warmest spot in his life."

It was plain talk, but it was good. They whispered afterward in the corners about the "lack of discretion of that good man Parkhurst." A little of that lack would go a long way toward cleaning up in New York—did go, not so many years after. Worse shocks than that were coming from the same quarter to rattle the dry bones.

Long before that the "something that needed me" in Mulberry Street had come. I was in a death-grapple with my two enemies, the police lodging-room and the Bend. The Adler Commission had proposed to "break the back" of the latter by cutting Leonard Street through the middle of it—an expedient that had been suggested forty years before, when the Five Points around the corner challenged the angry resentment of the community. But no expedient would ever cover that case. The whole slum had to go. A bill was introduced in the Legislature to wipe it out bodily, and in 1888, after four years of pulling and hauling, we had spunked up enough to file maps for the "Mulberry Bend Park." Blessed promise! And it was kept, if it did take a prodigious lot of effort, for right there decency had to begin, or not at all. Go and look at it to day and see what it is like.

But that is another story. The other

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nuisance came first. The first guns that I have any record of were fired in my newspapers in 1883, and from that time till Theodore Roosevelt shut up the vile dens in 1895 the battle raged without intermission. The guns I speak of were not the first that were fired—they were the first I fired so far as I can find. For quite a generation before that there had been protests and complaints from the police surgeons, the policemen themselves who hated to lodge under one roof with tramps, from citizen bodies that saw in the system an outrage upon Christian charity and all decency, but all without producing any other effect than spasmodic whitewashing and the ineffectual turning on of the hose. Nothing short of boiling water would have cleansed those dens. Nothing else came of it because stronger even than the selfish motive that exploits public office for private gain is the deadly inertia in civic life which simply means that we are all as lazy as things will let us be. The older I get the more patience I have with the sinner, and the less with the lazy good-for-nothing who is at the bottom of more than half the share of the world's troubles. Give me the thief if need be, but take the tramp away and lock him up at hard labor until he is willing to fall in line and take up his end. The end he lets lie some one has got to carry who already has enough.

I ran to earth at last one of the citizens' bodies that were striving with the nuisance, and went and joined it. I will not say that I was received graciously. I was a reporter, and it was human nature to assume that I was merely after a sensation; and I did make a sensation of the campaign. That was the way to put life into it. Page after page I printed now in this paper, now in that, and when the round was completed, went over the same road again. They winced a bit, my associates, but bore it, egged me on even. Anything for a change. Perchance it might help. It didn't then. But slowly something began to stir. The editors found something to be indignant about when there was nothing else. Ponderous leaders about our "duty toward the poor" appeared at intervals. The Grand Jury on its tours saw and protested. The City Hall felt the sting and squirmed. I remember when we went to argue with the Board of Estimate and Apportionment under Mayor Grant. It was my first meeting with Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell and John Finley, but not the last by a good many, thank God for that! I had gone to Boston to see the humane way in which they were dealing with their homeless there. They gave them a clean shirt and a decent bed and a bath—good way, that, to limit the supply of tramps—and something to eat in the morning, so they did not have to go out and beg the first thing. It seemed good to me, and it was good. But the Mayor did not think so.

"Boston! Boston!" he cried, impatiently, and waved us and the subject aside. "I am tired of hearing always how they do in Boston, and of the whole matter."

So were we, tired enough to keep it up. We came back next time, though it didn't do any good, and meanwhile the newspaper broadsides continued. No chance was allowed to pass of telling the people of New York what they were harboring. They simply needed to know, I felt sure of that. And I know now that I was right. But it takes a lot of telling to make a city know when it is doing wrong. However, that was what I was there for. When it didn't seem to help, I would go and look at a stone-cutter hammering away at his rock perhaps a hundred times without as much as a crack showing in it. Yet at the hundred and first blow it would split in two, and I knew it was not that blow that did it, but all that had gone before together. When my fellow-workers smiled, I used to remind them of the Israelites that marched seven times around Jericho and blew their horns before the walls fell.

"Well, you go ahead and blow yours," they said; "you have the faith."

And I did, and the walls did fall, though it took nearly twice seven years. But they came down, as the walls of ignorance and indifference must every time, if you blow hard enough and long enough, with faith in your courage and in your fellow-man. It is just a question of endurance. If you keep it up, they can't.

They began to give, those grim walls, when typhus fever broke out in the city in the winter of 1891–92. The wonder was that it did not immediately center in the police lodging-rooms. There they lay,

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young and old, hardened tramps and young castaways with minds and souls soft as wax for their foulness to be stamped upon,[1] on bare floors of stone or planks. Dirty as they came in from every vile contact, they went out in the morning to scatter from door to door, where they begged their breakfast, the seeds of festering disease. Turning the plank was "making the bed." Typhus is a filth-disease, of all most dreaded. If ever it got a foothold in those dens, there was good cause for fear. I drew up at once a remonstrance, had it signed by representatives of the united charitable societies—some of them shrugged their shoulders, but they signed —and took it to the Health Board. They knew the danger better than I. But the time had not yet come. Perhaps they thought, with the reporters, that I was just "making copy." For I made a "beat" of the story. Of course I did. We were fighting; and if I could brace the boys up to the point of running their own campaigns for making things better, so much was gained. But they did not take the hint. They just denounced my "treachery."

I warned them that there would be trouble with the lodging-rooms, and within eleven months the prophecy came true. The typhus broke out *there*. The night after the news had come I took my camera and flashlight and made the round of the dens, photographing them all with their crowds. Of the negatives I had lantern-slides made, and with these under my arm knocked at the doors of the Academy of Medicine, demanding to be let in. That was the place for that discussion, it seemed to me, for the doctors knew the real extent of the peril we were then facing. Typhus is no respecter of persons, and it is impossible to guard against it as against the smallpox. They let me in, and that night's doings gave the cause of decency a big push. I think that was the first time I told the real story of my dog. I had always got around it somehow; it choked me even then, twenty years after and more, anger boiled up in me so at the recollection.

We pleaded merely for the execution of a law that had been on the statute-books six years and over, permitting the city authorities to establish a decent lodging-house; but though the police, the health officials, the grand jury, the charitable societies, and about every body of any influence in the community fell in behind the medical profession in denouncing the evils that were, we pleaded in vain. The Tammany officials at the City Hall told us insolently to go ahead and build lodging-houses ourselves; they had other things to use the city's money for than to care for the homeless poor; which, indeed, was true. The Charity Organization Society that stood for all the rest gave up in discouragement and announced its intention to start a Wayfarer's Lodge itself, on the Boston plan, and did so. "You see," was the good-by with which my co-laborers left me. "We will never succeed." My campaign had collapsed.

But even then we were winning. Never was defeat in all that time that did not in the end turn out a step toward victory. This much the unceasing agitation had effected, though its humane purpose made no impression on the officials, that the accommodation for lodgers in the station-houses was sensibly shrunk. Where there had been forty that took them in, there were barely two dozen left. The demand for separate women's prisons with police matrons in charge, which was one of the phases the new demand for decency was assuming, bred a scarcity of house-room, and one by one the foul old dens were closed and not reopened. The nuisance was perishing of itself. Each time a piece of it sloughed off, I told the story again in print, "lest we forget." And in another year reform came, and with it came Roosevelt. The Committee on Vagrancy, a volunteer body of the Charity Organization Society, of which Mrs. Lowell was the head and I a member, unlimbered its guns again and opened fire, and this time the walls came down. For Tammany was out.

We had been looking the police over by night, Roosevelt and I. We had inspected the lodging-rooms while I went over the long fight with him, and had come at last, at 2 A.M., to the Church

[1] The old cry of sensation mongering was raised more than once when I was making my charges. People do not like to have their rest disturbed. Particularly did the critics object to the statement that there were young people in the dens; they were all old tramps, they said. For an answer I went in and photographed the boys and girls one night, and held their pictures up before the community. In the Oak Street Station alone, one of the vilest, there were six as likely young fellows as I ever saw, herded with forty tramps and thieves. Not one of them would come out unscathed.

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Street station. It was raining outside. The light flickered, cold and cheerless, in the green lamps as we went up the stone steps. Involuntarily I looked in the corner for my little dog; but it was not there, or any one who remembered it. The sergeant glanced over his blotter grimly; I had almost to pinch myself to make sure I was not shivering in a linen duster, wet to the skin. Down the cellar steps to the men's lodging-room I led the President of the Police Board. It was unchanged—just as it was the day I slept there. Three men lay stretched at full length on the dirty planks, two of them young lads from the country. Standing there, I told Mr. Roosevelt my own story. He turned alternately red and white with anger as he heard it.

"Did they do that to you?" he asked when I had ended. For an answer I pointed to the young lads then asleep before him.

"I was like this one," I said.

He struck his clenched fists together. "I will smash them to-morrow."

He was as good as his word. The very next day the Police Board took the matter up. Provision was made for the homeless on a barge in the East River until plans could be perfected for sifting the tramps from the unfortunate; and within a week, on recommendation of the Chief of Police, orders were issued to close the doors of the police lodging-rooms on February 15, 1896, never again to be unbarred.

The battle was won. The murder of my dog was avenged, and forgiven, after twenty-five years. The yellow newspapers, with the true instinct that made them ever recognize in Roosevelt the implacable enemy of all they stood for, printed cartoons of homeless men shivering at a barred door "closed by order of T. Roosevelt;" but they did not, after all, understand the man they were attacking. That the thing was right was enough for him. Their shafts went wide of the mark, or fell harmless. The tramps for whom New York had been a paradise betook themselves to other towns not so discerning—went to Chicago, where the same wicked system was in operation until last spring, is yet for all I know—and the honestly homeless got a chance. A few tender-hearted and soft-headed citizens, of the kind who ever obstruct progress by getting some very excellent but vagrant impulses mixed up with a lack of common sense, wasted their sympathy upon the departing hobo, but soon tired of it. I remember the case of one tramp whose beat was in the block in Thirty-fifth Street in which Dr. Parkhurst lives. He was arrested for insolence to a housekeeper who refused him food. The magistrate discharged him, with some tearful remarks about the world's cruelty and the right of a man to be poor without being accounted a criminal. Thus encouraged, the tramp went right back and broke the windows of the house that had repelled him. I presume he is now in the city by the lake holding up people who offend him by being more industrious and consequently more prosperous than he.

For the general results of the victory so laboriously achieved I must refer to "A Ten Years' War," in which I endeavored to sum up the situation as I saw it. They are not worked out yet to the full. The most important link is missing. That is to be a farm-school which shall sift the young idler from the heap of chaff, and win him back to habits of industry and to the world of men. It will come when moral purpose has been re-established at the City Hall. I have not set out here to discuss reform and its merits, but merely to point out that the way of it, the best way of bringing it on—indeed, the only way that is always open—is to make the facts of the wrong plain. And, having said that, I have put the reporter where he belongs and answered the question why I have never wanted executive office and never will.

And now, in taking leave of this subject, of which I hope I may never hear again, for it has plagued me enough and had its full share of my life, is there not one ray of brightness that falls athwart its gloom? Were they all bad, those dens I hated, yes, hated, with the shame and the sorrow and hopeless surrender they stood for? Was there not one glimpse of mercy that dwells in the memory with redeeming touch? Yes, one. Let it stand as testimony that on the brink of hell itself human nature is not wholly lost. There is still the spark of His image, however overlaid by the slum. And let it forever wipe out the score of my dog and me. It was in

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one of the worst that I came upon a young girl, pretty, innocent—Heaven knows how she had landed there. She hid her head in her apron and wept bitterly with the shame of the thing. Around her half a dozen old hags, rum-sodden and foul, camped on the stone floor. As in passing I stooped over the weeping girl, one of them, thinking I was one of the men about the place, and misunderstanding my purpose, sprang between us like a tigress and pushed me back.

"Not her!" she cried, and shook her fist at me; "not her! It is all right with us. We are old and tough. But she is young, and don't you dare!"

I went out and stood under the stars, and thanked God that I was born. Only tramps! It had been dinned into my ears until I said it myself, God forgive me! Aye, that was what we had made of them with our infernal machinery of rum-shop, tenement, dive, and—this place. With Christian charity instead, what might they not have been?

[TO BE CONTINUED]

# The Rights of Man

## A Study in Twentieth Century Problems

By Lyman Abbott

### Chapter XIII.—Perils Incidental to American Democracy

OUT of the two weaknesses inherent in democracy, referred to in a preceding article, grow certain perils incidental if not altogether peculiar to American democracy. Those perils may, perhaps, all be included under the general term of self-will, provided a sufficiently broad significance is given to the word.

This spirit of self-will is seen in many and various manifestations: in the National habit of putting laws upon the statute-book with a tacit understanding that they are not to be obeyed, or with a quiet disregard of them in localities where the law is not popular; in the popular saying, which National experience does much to confirm, that law is no stronger than the public opinion which is behind it, and accordingly the law enacted by State authority no stronger in any particular city or county than the public sentiment in that locality; in the conscienceless evasion of tax laws, even when such evasion involves deceit and falsehood and sometimes perjury; in sporadic acts of mob violence, especially in the less well-settled portions of the country, where the impatient people will not wait for the slower process of the law; in the occasional open defiance of the law by organized mobs, especially in great cities such as Chicago, Pittsburg, Cleveland, and New York; in not less flagrant violations of law by great corporations, who are very rarely called to account for such violations. By far the most serious illustration of this spirit of self-will was afforded by the Civil War. The tendency of local self-government separated the country into two sections, North and South. Slavery embittered the conflict between the two; war ensued, the cost of which in life and treasure it is impossible to estimate. It is true that the result of the war proved the power of democracy to enforce its will when that will is once thoroughly aroused; but the very fact of such a struggle bears witness to the peril which the enforcement of the National will may at any time involve.

The next controversy, if there is one, will probably not be between different sections of the country, but between different classes of the community. For I do not see how any one looking upon our industrial situation can doubt that there is peril of a serious strife between capitalists and wage-workers.

The wage-workers are generally without capital, often without education, sometimes densely ignorant. Masses of them have never been taught the difficult art of self-government. Coming from countries in which the Church has been too often an instrument of priestly oppression, and the State too often an instrument of political oppression, they bring with them an inherited hatred of both State and Church,

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and a disbelief in man which is more dangerous to society than that disbelief in God which generally accompanies it. Freed from the restraints of the Old World, they are at the same time endowed with powers which in the Old World they never possessed—a free ballot, a free press, and free speech. Add to this the fact that, with dynamite carried in a carpet-bag, the modern Guy Fawkes can destroy in an instant the products of a century's industry. In a warfare between classes for the possession of property, civilization has every advantage; in a warfare of anarchy against all property, anarchy has every advantage. There is no power in the State which the restless and the unprincipled recognize and which they fear, no power in the Church to which their conscience or their superstition compels obedience. The public schools address not their conscience, but their intellect. They live in a country where the chief support of order is an enlightened conscience and the chief protection of property an enlightened self-interest, and neither their conscience nor their self-interest is enlightened.

The number of such discontented, restless, and archaic individuals is not large, but their power is out of proportion to their numbers. Trades-unions exist in nearly every State of the Union and in most of the Territories. Agriculture is the only considerable industry which has not its industrial organization. These unions are essentially warlike both in their aims and in their methods; that is, they are not primarily organized to promote education, facilitate apprenticeship, introduce new methods of labor, encourage the introduction of labor-saving machines, and equalize wages by equalization of intelligence and industry. They are not organized like a political club, for purposes of personal intercourse; nor like a literary club, for purposes of education; nor like a co-operative club, for purposes of benefit; they are organized primarily to protect their members against real or fancied oppression of employers, or to wrest from employers a larger share of the profits. They are founded on the assumption that the interests of employer and employed are antagonistic. They are ruled over generally by a directory scarcely less absolute than that which governed the Revolutionists in the days of Mirabeau, which meets in secret, demands implicit obedience to its orders, and forces obedience to its orders by industrial excommunication, and sometimes by open violence or secret assault. In times of industrial peace these trades-unions are a conservative force. They facilitate co-operation between labor and capital, and they constitute a necessary protection of the individual laborer against the otherwise irresistible power of capital, which is always combined. But in time of industrial war the radicals in these organizations come to the front. Their radicalism gives them a control to which their judgment does not entitle them. The union, organized and maintained in a pacific spirit in time of peace, becomes in a labor war, by its solidarity, by the sympathy of large sections of the community with it, and especially by the opportunity which its action affords to the lawless and to the violent, a menace not only to the employer but to the entire community.

While thus labor is organizing, and the organizations at times pass under the influence of violent and lawless agitators, capital is also organizing, and passes at times under the control of leaders more astute but not more scrupulous. The concentration of the wealth of many in the hands of a few is of great industrial advantage in times of peace, but it gives to the few a power which is perilous to democracy in times when men's passions or their fears are aroused. The interests of the wealthy are combined in great corporations and combinations of corporations. The combined wealth of these corporations counts by billions, their annual income by hundreds of millions. Against them the private citizen is almost powerless. The workingmen must take what work they will furnish at what wages they will give. The shipper must pay what rates they charge. There is no appeal to the law, because in general the law recognizes the right of the corporation to hire its labor in the cheapest market and to charge for freight what the traffic will bear. If the actions of the corporation are illegal, the expense of proving their illegality and bringing the corporation to account is so great that the private citizen is estopped from appeal to the courts for justice. When the country

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is prosperous and the demand for manufactured goods is great, and money is plenty, and mills are busy, and wages are high, the peril of open controversy between employer and employed disappears; but only to reappear when times are hard, when a glutted market paralyzes industry, when mills are closed, when workmen are thrown out of employment, when hundreds of thousands draw near the starvation line, while a small and wealthy aristocracy know not how to spend their income or even the interest on their investments.[1]

These perils are aggravated by four types of leaders in our country, whom I will call respectively the demagogue, the boss, the plutocrat, and the medicine-man.

The demagogue is to democracy what the courtier was in olden times to the king: he lives by flattering his sovereign. The majority is sovereign in America, and the demagogue assures this sovereign that he can do no wrong. He appeals to his passions; he cultivates his foibles; he is careful never to irritate or cross his wishes or his whims. He does not hesitate to excite class against class, section against section, sect against sect, if by so doing he can win fame or fortune. If he speaks upon the platform, he speaks that he may win the applause of his audience, not that he may lead them on to a higher ground. If he edits a newspaper, he talks morality in his editorial pages and spreads vice and sensationalism in all its worst forms in his reading columns, and thinks he publishes a great newspaper because he publishes an affidavit that a great many copies of it go out from the printing-press, and never an affidavit how many of them come back to be burned for fuel. But this conscious and deliberate demagogue is not so dangerous as the half-unconscious demagogue. Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said, "What my audience give to me in spray, I give them back in drops." The half-unconscious demagogue speaks to a prejudiced and not too intelligent audience. They give him muddy water in spray, and he gives them back muddy water in drops. He simply reflects the sentiment of the people to whom he talks; there are innumerable men in America who think the highest compliment they can give to a public speaker, secular or religious, is, You said just what I have always thought. Such a demagogue, conscious or unconscious, reflecting the sentiments of the people, stirring passions that should be allayed and stimulating hostility that should be pacified, intensifies and energizes the egotism and the self-will which should be corrected and restrained.

The demagogue, whether he speaks from the platform or edits a newspaper, whether he is conscious or unconscious, whether he directly and openly appeals to class prejudice or covers his appeal with a mask of piety and patriotism, is not so dangerous as the boss. Government in a democracy necessitates parties, parties necessitate machinery, and machinery necessitates a leader or leaders, who must give the initiative and furnish the guidance. The boss is a leader who uses this machinery either for personal or for party ends, not for the ends for which the party itself has been organized. We are familiar in church history with three types of ecclesiastic—the place-hunter who uses the church for his own advancement; the church partisan, who regards his church organization as essential to the cause of religion, and therefore identifies the cause of his church with the cause of religion; and the man who affiliates himself with some church simply as a means of promoting the religious life in others and in himself. The same classification is possible in politics. There are politicians who use the party for their own political advancement; politicians who regard their party organization as essential to the Nation's welfare, and regard partisanship and patriotism as substantially identical; and politicians to whom the party is simply a convenient means to accomplish public ends, to be adhered to when it subserves these ends, to be abandoned when it ceases to do so. The "boss" belongs to the first or second class; that is, he is a leader who does not simply attach himself to a party and employ its organization to secure certain political ends which he regards as vital for the welfare of the country, but one who belongs to the party and uses the party machinery either to advance his own interests or that of the party. He is rarely

[1] The possible peril here so briefly sketched I have described more fully in an article published in the "Century Magazine" for November, 1885, entitled "Danger Ahead," though it is proper to say that at that time the danger seemed both greater and more imminent than it does now.

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scrupulous, and never very scrupulous. He believes that "all is fair in love and war," and that politics is war; that one must "fight fire with fire," and that the enemy is always using fire; that the "end justifies the means," and that the end is the supremacy of his party in the city, the State, or the Nation, and generally his own supremacy in the party; that "nothing succeeds like success," and that whatever is successful is justified by the success. The methods of the boss vary; the end is always the same: political success for his party and incidentally for himself, or political success for himself and incidentally for his party.

I had the opportunity once of traveling with the lieutenant of one of the widely known political bosses of this country, and he told me, in a burst of frankness for which I was very much obliged to him, how the politics in his State were administered. The corporations, he said, which desired favors from the legislature, or the corporations which feared that they might be blackmailed by members of the legislature, found it easier to work through one man than through many men. They therefore paid to the boss a considerable sum of money for election expenses. "I do not think," he said in substance, "that any of the money stays in his pocket. I do not think he is in politics for what he can personally make out of them. But when an election is coming on, he writes to the candidates for the Legislature, asking each candidate who belongs to his party how much he will need in his district, and the money needed is forthcoming. No pledges are taken, no promises are exacted. If, in the next Legislature, the man who has received support for his election by this method does not vote as the director of his party desires him to vote, at the next election he can pay his own election expenses." This is not a very gross form of corruption; but, coupled with others that are probably more debasing, it puts one man in the center of power.

In this instance the ambition of the boss was apparently the success of his party, and only incidentally his own success. The case of Mr. Richard Croker and Tammany Hall illustrates the case of an organization and a boss, both of which are inspired by a more sordid purpose. In a comparatively recent political investigation Mr. Richard Croker, on the stand, without the slightest hesitation and with entire frankness, unfolded his theory and his practice as the leader or "boss" of Tammany, both of which terms he accepted as applied to himself. He disclosed, without hesitation, and apparently without any consciousness that there was any impropriety in his political methods, how he directed the distribution of city patronage, including various municipal offices and even Supreme Court judgeships, in such a way as to give to him and his associates the largest financial return.

More perilous to the country than either demagogue or boss is the plutocrat. A man is not a plutocrat merely because he is very rich. A plutocrat is one who exercises political control by means of his wealth, one who, having control of money, uses that money to control government for the purpose of having government foster the interests in which he himself is directly or indirectly concerned. Sometimes the plutocrat sends his henchmen to the election districts and buys the votes at so much a head. Since the introduction of the Australian ballot system this is more difficult, for he is not sure that the votes will be delivered as promised. Sometimes he goes to the legislature and buys a few men directly. But the number of legislators who are directly purchasable by money is comparatively small, and is greatly exaggerated by newspaper reports. Still, this form of corruption is not uncommon, nor is it carried on upon a small scale, nor does it shock the American conscience as it ought to shock that conscience. Mr. Clark was elected to the Senate of the United States by his State. An official investigation took place, and it was demonstrated that he expended large sums in the purchase of legislators; the sums were known, the payments were demonstrated; he was refused his seat by the Senate, went back to his State, and his State has re-elected him to the Senate of the United States. More frequently the plutocrat works by more indirect methods. He gives, or sells at a low price, the stock of the corporation in which he is interested to legislators on whose vote the future value of the stock will depend; he furnishes legislators, judges, newspaper men, with passes over the railroad which

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desires special favors; he employs legislators or ex-legislators at large salaries as attorneys to secure desired legislation. In the case of the Pacific Railroad, so largely built out of government moneys loaned to a private corporation, it is matter of official report that stock was sold below market rates to Congressmen whose votes might be of importance in the future; that one United States Commissioner was paid $25,000 in consideration of signing a report accepting a section of the road; and that nearly half a million dollars was paid to a representative of the company for securing the passage of an Act which made the Government lien a second mortgage.

The fourth leader who adds to our perils I call the "medicine-man." I will not call him "quack," because this would involve too great obloquy; nor "professional reformer," because this pays to him too great deference. I call him medicine-man because he thinks there is one medicine which will cure all the ills to which humanity is subject. He is generally morally honest, but intellectually narrow; he is not a hypocrite, but he is apt to be a Pharisee, with a strong sense of "I am holier than thou" pervading his dogmatic utterances. He imagines that universal suffrage will cure all political evils; or free silver all commercial and financial evils; or a single tax on land all industrial evils; or woman suffrage or prohibition, or the two combined, all moral evils. I do not here consider the value of prohibition, or woman suffrage, or the single tax on land, or free silver, or universal suffrage; but he who imagines that all evils are due to one social or political cause, and can be cured by one social or political reform, has studied human nature and human history to little purpose. And, unfortunately, there are many good men in America who cannot be influenced by the demagogue—their moral sense resents his appeals to popular prejudices; nor led by the boss—they are too independent; nor purchased by the plutocrat—they are too honest—who are swayed by the medicine-man because he appeals to their conscience, and their conscience is not very intelligent.

Closely connected with this substitution of an unthinking use of a panacea for a rational diagnosis of social and political disorders, and the application of appropriate remedies, is the tendency in America to superficial reforms, accomplished by a spasm of virtue and followed by the apathy of discouragement and almost of despair; a tendency to substitute bigness for greatness and quantity for quality; to think that much reading means much intelligence, and the existence of pictures everywhere means universal taste; the tendency in politics to think that if in New York we can turn the Democratic party out and put the Republican party in, and in Philadelphia we can turn the Republican party out and put the Democratic party in, we shall have political reform; the tendency in education to accept a superficial knowledge of many subjects for a thorough acquaintance with one; the tendency in morals to imagine that the enactment of a righteous law makes a righteous community, that putting prohibition in the Constitution makes the State temperate, and putting God in the Constitution would make the Nation devout; the tendency in religion to substitute emotionalism or dogmatism for life, and to suppose that a church is sound because it is orthodox and a man is religious because he has feeling.

Such are some of the perils which seem to me to threaten America. The root of them all is the lack of a central authority; the cure for all is in finding that central authority. It will not be found in the central authority of a Cæsar; nor in an aristocracy, hereditary or otherwise; nor in a Church, papal or Protestant; nor in a Bible accepted as the final word of God. It can be found only in the recognition by every individual soul of the voice of God speaking within each man. I look forward sometimes with great exhilaration and sometimes with appalling fear on the unknown future. When the great problem on which we have entered is brought to its close, what will be the result? Will it afford another demonstration that a nation without God will inevitably go on to ruin, whether it be oligarchic or aristocratic or monarchic or democratic? Or will its splendid future demonstrate that every man is akin to God, that all men can find in him a common center and a common authority, and that government needs no other basis than that which it finds in the universal conscience speaking with the authority of the Almighty King?

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# The Man from Glengarry

## By Ralph Connor

*Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.*

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### Chapter IV.—The Ride for Life

THE night was clear, with a touch of frost in the air, yet with the feeling in it of approaching spring. A dim light fell over the forest from the half-moon and the stars, and seemed to fill up the little clearing in which the manse stood, with a weird and mysterious radiance. Far away in the forest the long-drawn howl of a wolf rose and fell, and in a moment sharp and clear came an answer from the bush just at hand. Mrs. Murray dreaded the wolves, but she was no coward and scorned to show fear.

"The wolves are out, Ranald," she said, carelessly, as Ranald came up with the pony.

"They are not many, I think," answered the boy as carelessly, "but—are you—do you think—perhaps I could just take the medicine—and you will come—"

"Nonsense, Ranald! bring up the pony. Do you think I have lived all this time in Indian Lands to be afraid of a wolf?"

"Indeed you are not afraid, I know that well!" Ranald shrank from laying the crime of being afraid at the door of the minister's wife, whose fearlessness was proverbial in the community—"but maybe—" The truth was, Ranald would rather be alone if the wolves came out.

But Mrs. Murray was in the saddle, and the pony was impatient to be off.

"We will go by the Camerons' clearing, and then take their wood track. It is a better road," said Ranald, after they had got through the big gate.

"Now, Ranald, you think I am afraid of the swamp, and by the Camerons' is much longer."

"Indeed, I hear them say that you are not afraid of the—of anything," said Ranald, quickly, "but this road is better for the horses."

"Come on, then, with your colt," and the pony darted away on her quick-springing gallop, followed by the colt going with a long, easy, loping stride. For a mile they kept side by side till they reached the Camerons' lane, when Ranald held in the colt and allowed the pony to lead. As they passed through the Camerons' yard the big black dogs, famous bear-hunters, came baying at them. The pony regarded them with indifference, but the colt shied and plunged.

"Whoa, Liz!" Liz was Ranald's contraction for Lizette, the name the French horse-trainer and breeder, Jules La Rocque, gave to her mother, who in her day was queen of the ice at L'Original Christmas races.

"Be quate, Nigger, will you!" The dogs, who knew Ranald well, ceased their clamor, but not before the kitchen door opened and Don Cameron came out.

Don was about a year older than Ranald and was his friend and comrade.

"It's me, Don—and Mrs. Murray there."

Don gazed speechless.

"And what—?" he began.

"Father is not well. He is hurted, and Mrs. Murray is going to see him, and we must go."

Ranald hurried through his story, impatient to get on.

"But are you going up through the bush?" asked Don.

"Yes, what else, Don?" asked Mrs. Murray. "It is a good road, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose it is good enough," said Don, doubtfully, "but I heard—"

"We will come out at our own clearing at the back, you know," Ranald hurried



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to say, giving Don a kick. "Whist, man! She is set upon going." At that moment away off toward the swamp, which they were avoiding, the long, heart-chilling cry of a mother wolf quavered on the still night air. In spite of herself Mrs. Murray shivered, and the boys looked at each other.

"There is only one," said Ranald in a low voice to Don, but they both knew that where the she wolf is there is a pack not far off. "And we will be through the bush in five minutes."

"Come, Ranald! Come away, you can talk to Don any time. Good-night, Don." And so saying she headed her pony toward the clearing and was off at a gallop, and Ranald, shaking his head at his friend, ejaculated:

"Man alive! what do you think of that?" and was off after the pony.

Together they entered the bush. The road was well beaten and the horses were keen to go, so that before many minutes were over they were half through the bush. Ranald's spirits rose and he began to take some interest in his companion's observations upon the beauty of the lights and shadows falling across their path.

"Look at that very dark shadow from the spruce there, Ranald," she cried, pointing to a deep black turn in the road. For answer there came from behind them the long, mournful hunting-cry of the wolf. He was on their track. Immediately it was answered by a chorus of howls from the bush on the swamp-side, but still far away. There was no need of command; the pony sprang forward with a snort and the colt followed, and, after a few minutes' running, passed her.

"Whow-oo-oo-oo-ow"— rose the long cry of the pursuer summoning help, and drawing nearer.

"Wow-ee-wow," came the shorter, sharper answer from the swamp, but much nearer than before and more in front. They were trying to head off their prey.

Ranald tugged at his colt till he got him back with the pony.

"It is a good road," he said, quietly; "you can let the pony go. I will follow you." He swung in behind the pony, who was now running for dear life and snorting with terror at every jump.

"God preserve us!" said Ranald to himself. He had caught sight of a dark form as it darted through the gleam of light in front.

"What did you say, Ranald?" The voice was quiet and clear.

"It is a great pony to run whatever," said Ranald, ashamed of himself.

"Is she not?"

Ranald glanced over his shoulder. Down the road, running with silent, awful swiftness, he saw the long, low body of the leading wolf flashing through the bars of moonlight across the road, and the pack following hard.

"Let her go, Mrs. Murray," cried Ranald. "Whip her and never stop." But there was no need; the pony was wild with fear, and was doing her best running.

Ranald meantime was gradually holding in the colt, and the pony drew away rapidly. But as rapidly the wolves were closing in behind him. They were not more than a hundred yards away, and gaining every second. Ranald, remembering the suspicious nature of the brutes, loosened his coat and dropped it on the road; with a chorus of yelps they paused, then threw themselves upon it, and in auother minute took up the chase.

But now the clearing was in sight. The pony was far ahead, and Ranald shook out his colt with a yell. He was none too soon, for the pursuing pack, now uttering short, shrill yelps, were close at the colt's heels. Lizette, fleet as the wind, could not shake them off. Closer and ever closer they came, snapping and snarling. Ranald could see them over his shoulder. A hundred yards more and he would reach his own back lane. The leader of the pack seemed to feel that his chances were slipping swiftly away. With a spurt he gained upon Lizette, reached the saddle-girths, gathered himself in two short jumps, and sprang for the colt's throat. Instinctively Ranald stood up in his stirrups, and, kicking his foot free, caught the wolf under the jaw. The brute fell with a howl under the colt's feet, and next moment they were in the lane and safe.

The savage brutes, discouraged by their leader's fall, slowed down their fierce pursuit, and, hearing the deep bay of the Macdonalds' great deerhound, Bugle, up at the house, they paused, sniffed the air a few minutes, then turned and swiftly and silently slid into the dark shadows. Ranald,

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knowing that they would hardly dare enter the lane, checked the colt, and, wheeling, watched them disappear.

"I'll have some of your hides some day," he cried, shaking his fist after them. He hated to be made to run.

He had hardly set the colt's face homeward when he heard something tearing down the lane to meet him. The colt snorted, swerved, and then, dropping his ears, stood still. It was Bugle, and after him came Mrs. Murray on the pony.

"Oh, Ranald!" she panted, "thank God you are safe. I was afraid you—you—" Her voice broke in sobs. Her hood had fallen back from her white face, and her eyes were shining like two stars. She laid her hand on Ranald's arm, and her voice grew steady as she said, "Thank God, my boy, and thank you with all my heart. You risked your life for mine. You are a brave fellow! I can never forget this!"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Ranald, awkwardly. "You are better stuff than I am. You came back with Bugle. And I knew Liz could beat the pony whatever." Then they walked their horses quietly to the stable, and nothing more was said by either of them, but from that hour Ranald had a friend ready to offer life for him, though he did not know it then nor till years afterwards.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

# History of Criticism and Taste in Europe[1]

AT a time when the prevalence of critical rhapsody and chatter has brought reproach upon all devotion to the tenth Muse, it is hard to be too thankful for work so sound and serious as this of Professor Saintsbury's. No other living English scholar, we think, would have adventured the task so boldly; none could have completed its first stage on the whole so prosperously. One is continually reminded, in reading it, of old days of multifarious learning, when it was the fashion to write *de omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis*. But, wide as is the area of bookland drained by this single volume, it rarely fails in proportion or articulation. The scattered and inchoate material is controlled by a faculty of scholarly synthesis which fuses each critical excursus or pithy foot-note into its due place and relation in the whole.

But it must not be inferred from this that Professor Saintsbury has any dealings with hasty, synthetic generalization. His method throughout is admirably scientific. In the body of his work he is concerned solely with those observed facts of literature that can neither be disturbed by a shuffling of texts nor lost altogether in the destruction of a hypothesis. He aims to trace both the development of critical canons and the evolution of literary self-consciousness; to write the *journal intime* of European taste; but he aims to do this with the impersonal precision of scientific truth. He has recourse to the excellent expedient of "interchapters" for the summing up of tendency and growth. But, with all his care, it cannot be said that he is absolutely successful in keeping his idiosyncrasy out of the result. Fortunately so, perhaps, for here we have fresh proof of the cogency of temperament in literary scholarship. Yet one must regret a little such personalities as the continual depreciation of Virgil, to whose romantic humanism the critic seems willfully blind; who, he observes astonishingly, is only worthy to loose the latchet of Dante's shoe.

The survey begins, then, with a close delimitation of the field. The theme of the work is to be the history of taste, the criticism of form in the widest sense of that word; the author will deal no more than must needs be with the ethical implications of literature, or with the dreams of an ideal æsthetic. Because of this narrow definition of his subject he is enabled to traverse the pre-Aristotelian criticism of Greece rather summarily. Plato, even, is brought into the compass of two paragraphs, the one of his "crotchets," the other of his "compensations." Yet, from the strict point of view of the book, full justice is done to both. Professor Saintsbury remarks pregnantly: "The beauty of literature is hardly accessible except to one who

[1] *A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe.* By George Saintsbury. 3 vols. Vol. I. Classical and Mediæval Criticism. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

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is more or less a Platonist. No system so well accounts for the ineffable poetic pleasure, the sudden 'gustation of God.'"

On Aristotle he is, perhaps, a little less satisfactory. He gives Aristotle deserved credit for the sound literary analysis of the Poetics, and more unusual praise for recognizing so many hundred years before Shakespeare that the final element in tragic effect is "the pity of it;" but, by his self-denying definition, he is precluded from pursuing far the idealistic implications of the Aristotelian poetic. Space will not suffer us to notice here the searching account of scores of Hellenistic rhetoricians and scholiasts, many of them, even to competent scholars in this kind, mere names. But it will not do to overlook that most notable section of the first part which contains the discussion of Longinus, whom Professor Saintsbury recognizes as the great romantic critic of antiquity, the direct progenitor of Coleridge and Sainte-Beuve. The famous dictum, "For beautiful words are in deed and in fact the very light of the spirit," he terms characteristically "the Declaration of Independence and the 'Let there be light' at once of literary criticism."

The discussion of the Roman critics, rising to Quintilian and descending from him, is too full and technical to be reproduced here. In the Interchapter recapitulating the drift of all classical criticism Professor Saintsbury is concerned not so much with its insistence on the humane generalization—the essence of classicism—as with its preoccupation with such formal matters as grammar, prose, rhythm, and the conditions of oratorical rhetoric.

The last section of the volume is, as a last section should be, easily the best. Romantic critic as he is, Professor Saintsbury is peculiarly sensitive to the importance and charm of the Middle-age, from which, he thinks, we have received a heritage of passion, mysticity, and dream. "Abused and extolled as 'Ages of Faith,' they were," he says, "really ages of a mixture of logical argument and playful half-skepticism. Regarded with scorn as 'Ages of Ignorance,' they knew what they did know thoroughly, which is more than can be said of some others. Commiserated as 'Ages of Misery,' they were probably the happiest times of the world, putting Arcadia and Fairyland out of sight. Patronized as ages of mere preparation, they accomplished things that we have toiled after in vain for some five hundred years."

There is something of hyperbole in all this, but there is also a large grain of truth. To the central critical document of the Middle-age, Dante's "De Vulgari Eloquio," Professor Saintsbury gives one of the most sympathetic and informing chapters of the book. Barring the few inevitable slips, the body of the volume vindicates the scientific test which its author proposed to himself. Yet, notwithstanding the circumscription of his field, he has made such good use of the fruitful method of comparative criticism that when he shall have reached the end of his third volume it seems more than likely that nothing but willful blindness again can prevent him from taking that "Pisgah sight" of the whole course of criticism which now he deprecates.

It may be ungenerous to carp at the manner of a book of which the matter tends to such excellent edification, but we cannot put this volume by without entering a protest against the style. In view of the fact that the work is likely to be much in the hands of student readers, who will look upon Professor Saintsbury, because of his academic position, as the guardian of the traditional dignities of our speech, it is unfortunate that his writing should not be chastened by a more rigid and fastidious taste. He is at least slipshod and careless to a degree. No one will deny that his brisk and breezy way is often a welcome relief from the pedantic heaviness that clogs some professorial writing; but the continually dissolute sentence-structure of his prose, and the excessively composite diction of it, make it a dangerous example. He has dredged the English language very assiduously; he has brought up pearls of speech and long-lost treasure; but he has likewise drawn to the light some things slippery and unbeautiful.

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# Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.*

**Adversaries of the Sceptic: A New Inquiry into Human Knowledge.** By Alfred Hodder, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 339 pages. $1.50.

Philosophy, not theology, is the field in which the author, in the role of "sceptic," or "a votary of intelligence," controverts some distinguished thinkers, particularly Professor Royce and Mr. F. H. Bradley, of Oxford. As an exhibition of dialectical ingenuity his argument is both keen and entertaining; as to its conclusiveness we doubt, and humbly excuse ourselves from deciding: "*non nostrum tantas componere lites*." So much for the metaphysical portion, a hundred or more pages of which were accepted as a thesis for the degree of Ph.D. at Harvard. As to the part devoted to ethics, we feel more inclined to positive dissent. The "votary of intelligence" is in the present argument a votary of hedonism, and pronounces the "welcomeness" of the object of desire upon its attainment the criterion of its goodness. His conception of society is atomistic, in the defense of which the evident trend of thought to-day warns him that labor is lost. Only in an atomistic view, in which any one man's judgment is as good as any other's, can Dr. Hodder seriously argue that "there is no way of showing any man that any thing should be by him found noble, which is not in fact by him found noble."

**American Diplomatic Questions.** By John B. Henderson, Jr. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 529 pages. $3.50.

The questions considered in this volume are: the Fur Seals and the Behring Sea Award; the Interoceanic Canal Problem; the United States and Samoa; the Monroe Doctrine; and the Northwest Coast Fisheries. With one or two possible exceptions, all of these questions have a live interest to Americans, and a full knowledge of the events out of which the questions have grown is of fundamental importance. Mr. Henderson in each case gives an elaborate and adequate review of the facts, but without attempting to conceal his own judgment as to their interpretation. In each case, also, he furnishes a concluding chapter or paragraph presenting the conditions of the question discussed and its bearing upon the future of America. Probably the chapter to which most readers will turn first in the book is that on the Monroe Doctrine. Here we find that the author is of the opinion that there is danger of regarding the Monroe Doctrine as a fetich, that it originated in a fear which need not now exist, and that "when a political principle obtains a superstitious hold that compels its blind observance, regardless of consequences, it is time to cast it aside." In the chapter on the Behring Sea award, we find a protest against "the unjust conditions imposed upon Americans;" in that on the Interoceanic Canal, we find a cordial indorsement of the belief that a guarantee of the neutrality of the canal made by the great maritime powers would be far better than any scheme of fortifications, and an expression of the opinion that while the United States would thereby deprive itself of one doubtful advantage, it would relieve itself from a host of complications; in the section on Samoa, the importance of the recently ceded territory from the strategic point of view is brought out; in the chapter on the Northwest fisheries, the hope is expressed that the establishing of the present regulations may not be injured by the interposition of other diplomatic issues.

**Anting-Anting Stories and Other Strange Tales of the Filipinos.** By Sargent Kayne. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 235 pages. $1.25.

The eleven short tales which make up this volume will hold the reader by that sort of interest which always attaches itself to the breaking of new ground in fiction. Anting-Anting, the opening story, which gives name to the volume, is a charm or talisman worn by the Filipinos. It is composed of different substances by different tribes, and always believed to be a sovereign remedy against evils of every kind. The book is a series of sketches rather than stories, and is potent with promise of the riches of material lying loose within the Philippine Islands and awaiting the story-teller with sufficient genius to transmute into dramatic form the life of an old and varied humanity. Meanwhile, the sketches in this volume are well handled and rich in suggestion.

**Blaisdell Speller (The).** By Etta Austin Blaisdell and Mary Frances Blaisdell. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 208 pages. 25c.

**Candle-Light (A) and Other Poems.** By Louis Smirnow. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 200 pages. $1.

The publisher sends the literary editor an encomium upon these poems, from which we take this excerpt: "This volume of collected poems has in it all the elements of truly inspired writing." What the publisher's idea of inspired writing is, one may judge from many a passage taken at random, like the following:

> Weep the youngsters, sleep the dead ones,
> Aches the mother's beating heart,
> Till, beweeped, for the cold graveyard
> She as well does soon depart.

**Civil Service Law of the State of New York.** By William Miller Collier. Matthew Bender, Albany, N. Y. 5¾×9¼ in. 440 pages. $4.50.

This is a technical work for the use of the lawyer and the special student, rather than for the general reader. It comprises a thorough digest of all the rules and the regulations of the State Civil Service Commission, with



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citations to the important New York cases under the law, and with references to the similar statutes of other States and decisions of courts regarding them. In all other respects it is a complete and valuable treatise upon the construction of the Civil Service Law, and a guide in the study of all points connected with the general subject.

**Class Readings in the Bible: From the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism.** By Walter L. Sheldon. The Unity Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 236 pages. 50c.

These readings cover both the Old and the New Testament. They do not consist of extracts, but of directions for reading, and map out a scheme for the systematic study of the Bible. References to the literature of criticism are interspersed. The author anticipates that his work will be available in orthodox circles, as well as non-orthodox, and repeatedly affirms his purpose simply to outline a method adapted to both alike. This purpose seems to be well carried out.

**Confederate States of America, 1861–1865 (The).** By John Christopher Schwab, A.M., Ph.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 332 pages. $2.50.

Though not a brilliant work, this is an exceptionally useful one. It should be called an "Economic History of the Confederacy," for save in one chapter the author devotes but few pages to anything apart from financial and industrial affairs. In thus narrowing his field, however, the author has increased the value of his work, for, astonishing as it is, there has previously been no economic history of the Confederacy, though every one knows that the Confederacy broke down from economic exhaustion rather than military defeat. Professor Schwab's account of the successive issues of paper money—the Government issues being supplemented by State issues and bank issues and other corporation issues—is extremely interesting, and while the author condemns the policy of thus inflating the currency, he has the wisdom not to condemn the statesmen who adopted it when their constituencies were unwilling to submit to adequate taxation.

**Dictionary of Architecture and Building: Biographical, Historical, and Descriptive.** By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D., and many Architects, Painters, Engineers, and other Expert Writers, American and Foreign. In 3 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. Vol. II. F–N. 7½×10½ in. 540 pages. Sold by subscription only. Per set, $18.

The excellences noted by us at length in the first volume are continued in this.

**Fifty Letters of Cicero: Edited for the Use of Schools.** By J. H. Dillard. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 118 pages.

As a great scholar says, we have in "Cicero's Letters" an almost unique literary monument, for the history of a deeply interesting period is unfolded to us by a master hand in a series of cabinet pictures. But as Professor Dillard, in the latest edition of the "Letters," remarks, they also disclose the private views of the leading actor in great events—his relations with Cæsar and Pompey, his banishment, his pro-Consulship in Cilicia, his hesitancy and distress in the civil war, and his final energetic leadership after Cæsar's murder. But the great reason for this new edition, in its particularly good print and handy form, is, of course, because the "Letters" present to us an excellent model in giving colloquial uses of words and constructions in a classical period. This little book is the best of helps to those who have to write Latin to-day.

**Feather's Weight (A).** By Amarala Martin. (Second Edition.) The Abbey Press, New York. 5×7½ in. 131 pages. 50c.

A brief tale, having a mysterious murder for motive. The wrong parties are suspected and tried for the crime; the final detection of the criminal is brought about by a particle of a feather attached to a bank bill he passes in payment for goods received. The situations are complicated and somewhat dramatic—in the way that interests readers who like to see the ghastly side of human motive disclosed. The literary style is passable.

**First Steps in Geometry (The).** By G. A. Wentworth and G. A. Hill. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 156 pages.

The merit of this practical work is twofold. By illustrations, definitions, and exercises it gives a clear knowledge of the exact meaning of the subject, but it also teaches the beginner the ability accurately to draw geometric figures.

**Flight of Helen and Other Poems (The).** By Warren Cheney. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco. 5×7¾ in. 64 pages.

These are the unpretentious songs of one who loves simple themes and to sing in the shade, but sings with feeling, and in notes both true and clear.

**Great Bread Trust (The).** By W. H. Wright. The Abbey Press, New York. 3½×6 in. 54 pages.

**Handbook of British, Continental, and Canadian Universities.** Compiled by Isabel Maddison, B.Sc., Ph.D. Published by the Author, Bryn Mawr, Pa. 5¾×8½ in. 70 pages.

**Highways and Byways of Music.** By Hugh A. Clarke, Mus. Doc. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 144 pages.

Large and varied interest is here in small compass. Folklore about the origination of music, facts concerning its development, curiosities of musical history and the curious ignorance of music among literary men, the Teutonic element in music, and modern tendencies are treated briefly and popularly by a musical expert. Like every other history, that of music, he concludes, "is the story of chance discoveries, willful blindness, and owlish blundering." Both entertaining and instructive, this booklet should be widely read, and not by musical people only.

**John Gildart: An Heroic Poem.** By M. E. Henry Ruffin. Illustrated. (Second Edition.) William H. Young & Co., New York. 6¾×9 in. 78 pages. $1.50.

It is a tragic tale of the Civil War that the writer has chosen to tell in blank verse, and she has told it well. The lyrics interspersed, like the chorus in a Greek play, are particularly well wrought. The critical reader will note passages where the writer might profit by the kindly censures of a more finished artist. It is to be hoped that a hand that can do so well as in "John Gildart" may thus be enabled to do still better.

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**Junior Bible Lessons. I.—XXVI. Patriarchs.** By William James Mutch. Illustrated. The Christian Nurture, New Haven, Conn. 5½×8 in. 67 pages. 25c.

Dr. Mutch has already been introduced to readers of The Outlook as a promoter of Christian nurture. This latest of his little books is marked by some valuable practical features. An ethical interest pervades it, and the frequent parallels drawn between the patriarchal history and modern events add to the old stories a touch of reality.

**Lays of Ancient Greece.** By Eudemus. (Second and Cheap Edition.) Arliss Andrews, Bloomsbury, W. C., London. 4½×7 in. 96 pages.

This title recalls the "Lays of Ancient Rome," but the contrast between these and those is enormous, and, to a reader attracted by the title, most disheartening.

**Le Dix-Septieme Siecle en France. Lectures Historiques.** Edited by Delphine Duval and H. Isabelle Williams. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 103 pages.

This little volume contains some capital chapters on the principal persons and events which distinguish the seventeenth century in French history. The text is to be commended for rather advanced reading, while for such reading the notes are ample enough and they are to the point.

**Lux Mundi: A Series of Studies in the Religion of the Incarnation.** Edited by Charles Gore, M.A. Eleventh Edition. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 452 pages. $1.40.

The eleventh edition of this epoch-making work.

**Our Ferns in Their Haunts.** By Willard Nelson Clute. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 332 pages. $2.15.

Every one loves ferns, but few know much about them. There will not be so much excuse for this lack of knowledge now that Mr. Clute's admirable book has appeared with its exquisite illustrations by Mr. Stilson. Ferns are probably easier to identify than are flowering plants, when one knows how, and Mr. Clute claims that the necessary knowledge can also be acquired with less labor. In his book he has illustrations and descriptions of every species known in America north of the Gulf States and east of the Rocky Mountains.

**Pacific Coast Vacation (A).** By Mrs. James Edwin Morris. Illustrated. The Abbey Press, New York. 5½×8 in. 255 pages. $1.50.

An immense tract of country is covered in the prolonged vacation pictured here, and the area belongs to the least known portions of our country—taking in the whole new gold region. There is nothing of depth or weight in the book; it is just a series of pictures—by camera as well as pen—of things seen en route, and a free-hand transcript of small happenings, interspersed with the quaint and interesting legends of various sections of new territory. For this reason the book is well adapted to the needs of the young, whose attention it is pretty safe to say it will win.

**Picturesque Gardens and Ornamental Gardening.** By Charles Henderson. Illustrated. Peter Henderson & Co., New York. 12×10 in. 159 pages.

This is one of the best books yet published on this fascinating subject. To own and to beautify a bit of land is the desire of most men in any walk of life. Mr. Henderson, both by his interesting text and his charming illustrations, helps toward garden embellishment in a very practical way.

**Races and Peoples: Lectures on the Science of Ethnography.** By Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D. David McKay, Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 313 pages.

The appearance of this volume renews regret for the loss which science sustained in the death of its accomplished author. Professor Brinton, while criticising many anthropologists, especially the French school, for an excessive reliance on skull measurements as determinative of racial affinity, accords with the consensus which attributes to man a single origin, and regards human varieties as originating mainly in varieties of environment. The practical applications of ethnography in history and statesmanship have large interest for him. For the diffusion of modern culture through the torrid zone his hope is in a blending of the Mongolian and the African in a type capable of enduring tropical climates, and intelligent enough to be directed by the white race. And as for the white race, "when bigotry ceases on both sides, and free intermarriage restores the Aryo-Semitic stock to its original unity, we may look for a race of nobler capacities than any now existing." Professor Brinton occasionally provokes reasonable dissent, as when he finds in Mohammedanism "a more genuine monotheism" than in Christianity. Within his proper field of science, however, his conclusions, based on extensive travel as well as on study, command respect, and, in the lucid form in which they are here presented, attract the interest of the general reader.

**Ralph Waldo Emerson.** By Frank B. Sanborn. (The Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans.) Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 3¾×5¾ in. 140 pages. 75c.

Of all the admirable Beacon biographies this seems to us the most noteworthy, first, because for thirty years Mr. Sanborn was intimately associated with Emerson; secondly, because the little book throws new light on certain things in those already standard books—the authorized "Life" by Mr. Cabot, the smaller "Life" by Dr. Garnett, the "Correspondence" edited by Professor Norton, and the "Memoir" by Edward Waldo Emerson. Our "manlier and more moral Goethe" nowhere stands out in a clearer light than in these pages. We would add that Mr. Sanborn has accomplished what must have been for him a task of extraordinary difficulty; he has condensed his life's memories into a few pages, but his every word rings.

**Reconstruction in Mississippi.** By James Wilford Garner, Ph.M. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 422 pages. $3.

The most intimate and at the same time dispassionate history of the Reconstruction period that has yet appeared. The author is a Southerner, and is as firmly convinced that the white people of the South hold the correct view of the negro question as were his fathers a generation ago, but he is none the less a historian singularly desirous of bringing out

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the whole truth concerning the men and measures with which he deals. His chapter on "Educational Reconstruction" gives the carpet-bag and negro governments credit for establishing the public school system, which is doing so much to "lift up the manhood of the poor" throughout the South. He even notes that the excessive costliness of the system when first introduced was in part due to the unwillness of Southern whites to teach negroes, and the consequent necessity of importing teachers from the North for the four months' school term. The author's investigation leads him to conclude that Mississippi was not so badly governed under the carpet-bag régime as were South Carolina and Louisiana, and certainly the figures given of State expenditures indicate that the extravagance was much less than is commonly supposed. When we remember that the years of carpet-bag rule at the South were also the years of unequaled public extravagance at the North, the showing has but little of the color given it in current reminiscences. In considering this period, it is certainly a great relief to get away from the partisan declamation in which it has been enveloped, and regard it as it appears in the calm light of history.

**Rubaiyât of Mirza-Mem'n.** Illustrated. Henry Olendorf Shepard, Chicago. 7½×9 in. 68 pages.

As a specimen of typographic and illustrative art this book is elegantly wrought. As a poem its hundred and thirty-one quatrains artistically present a compound of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, Alexander Pope, Mohammedanism, and Agnosticism. Nearly forty stanzas are paraphrased from McCarthy's translation of the "Rubaiyât of Omar Khayyam."

**Sonnets: Mostly on Scripture Themes with a Few Other Poems.** By Robert Whittet. Published by Whittet & Shepperson, Richmond, Va. 6×8 in. 324 pages.

An earnest moral purpose, a devout religious spirit, and a humane sympathy pervade Mr. Whittet's verse. His muse, however, goes on foot, and his meter is often at fault. It will be none the less edifying, however, to many who are content with verse devoid of wings and lacking accuracy in the use of words as well as in meter, provided the sentiment is wholesome and suggestive. This is Mr. Whittet's one strong point.

**Spanish Settlements (The): Within the Present Limits of the United States, 1513–1561.** By Woodbury Lowery. With Maps. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9¼ in. 515 pages. $2.50.

Reserved for later notice.

**Stories of Ancient Peoples.** By Emma J. Arnold. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 232 pages. 50c.

Beginners in the study of Oriental history will do well to read this volume. And when we say beginners we mean quite young children, for there is nothing in this text not comprehensible by them. Very youthful students are often much interested in archæological investigations; there is something fitting in this, since archæology means the first act in the great life-drama of mankind. We believe that the present volume will prove a successful attempt to encourage the historical and archæological instinct in children. We would call the special attention of older students and of teachers to the valuable bibliographical list at the end of the text.

**Story of Old Falmouth (The).** By James Otis. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 127 pages. 50c.

This is the initial volume of a capital series, "The Pioneer Towns of America." Each town or locality which may be called a pioneer in the settlement of the several States will be treated. In the present volume, that section of Maine which was called Falmouth, now Portland, is admirably described.

**Summer Hymnal (A): A Romance of Tennessee.** By John Trotwood Moore. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 4¾×7 in. 332 pages. $1.25.

The style alone of this story would redeem it from commonplace. The story itself is based upon a plot no more remarkable than the prolonged courtship by a young man—somewhat uncertain of his own mind—of a sweet-natured young woman whom he idealizes with all the glow of an abundant fancy. There are many bits of philosophy touched with the promise of new theories now afloat; and the poetic feeling, lambent humor, and playful fancies in which the book abounds will come upon readers with a surprise that grows as they turn its pages. There are also some sly thrusts and gibes at the inconsequent ways of women, which belong to the old school of thought rather than the new, and which will hardly be relished by the advance guard of women.

**Tom Huston's Transformation.** By Margaret B. Love. (Second Edition.) The Abbey Press, New York. 5×7½ in. 92 pages. 50c.

A small and simple tale, depicting the life experience of a youth made pessimistic through the falsity of a very cheap-souled young woman who jilted him, and of his redemption through the example of a worthy matron and her family, and of his final happiness through a good young woman whom he marries. The everyday triteness of this story may find it readers. Its intention is good, but it is a tract rather than literature.

**Travels of a Water Drop (The) and Other Stories.** By Mrs. James Edwin Morris. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 99 pages. 50c.

The initial story gives title to a series of seven, including "Acolcus and His Children," "The Valley of Childhood," "Burls," "Berenice," "Under the Lilac Tree," "Puck's Snuff Box." Each deals with a nature-study of things familiar, and all are imbued with a sympathetic insight and grace of fancy well adapted to stimulate the child-mind to a poetic interpretation of the life-action of the nature-objects around it.

**Yale Alumni Songs.** William T. Souther, Worcester, Mass. 5×7 in. 23 pages. 5c.

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By a slip of the pen in an editorial recently published on "The Civil War in Fiction," we spoke of "Mr. Henry Bourland's novel 'The Passing of the Cavalier.'" As many of our readers who have seen this interesting story know, the real title of the book is "Henry Bourland: The Passing of the Cavalier," and the author is Mr. Albert E. Hancock.

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# Correspondence

### Inducing Sleep

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In your issue of May 25 I was interested in an article on "A Psychological Method of Inducing Sleep," but it seems to me such an elaborate and tedious one that I am moved to write of a much simpler way, which has been a great help to me during a long period of invalidism.

After first taking a comfortable position, make the mind as complete a blank as possible, and repeat very slowly, moving the lips, the words, "Must, must, sleep, sleep, sleep." Each time thoughts come trooping through the brain banish them by strength of will and continue with the formula, and generally in a few minutes it will produce the desired effect. If very weak, or if the nerves are in an extremely excited or irritated state, it will not be successful, but then nothing will except medicine. M. B. H.

### A Word from Dr. Hale

*To the Readers of the Outlook:*

For many years I have never taken my own summer outing, which gives me an outlook on the Atlantic, without addressing the thousands of New England readers of The Outlook who are taking their outings on the shores or on the hills.

For I leave behind me, in Boston, an active office, in which, in summer, the central care is to take care of poor men, very poor men, who are stranded on the shore. Speaking generally, men ought to take care of themselves in the world. Speaking roughly, four hundred and ninety-nine men out of five hundred do take care of themselves, but the five-hundredth, poor fellow, falls forty-six feet from the gutter and breaks into three or four pieces without dying; or he works too long in filing copper and doesn't know what is the matter with him; or he has two grandmothers and four great-grandmothers dependent upon him, so his affairs have gone badly without his knowing it.

Five novels I could write, if any one would read them, on the pathetic sides of these conditions. I spare my Outlook friends these novels, while I ask them if some of them in this glorious tranquillity of summer life do not want to send to the office of "Lend a Hand," 1 Beacon Street, Boston, be it one dollar, be it one hundred dollars, either will answer a good turn for our summer outings for men.

Some of The Outlook vacationers will remember a letter I wrote about the hollyhock woman, for whom they answered very cordially. I like to say to them that, so far as my foresight goes, the nice old hollyhock lady is provided for as long as hollyhocks shall blossom.

EDWARD E. HALE.

### The Divinity of Christ

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In your excellent editorial in The Outlook of June 29, entitled "The Divinity of Jesus Christ," it seems to the writer of this letter that a great subject has been brought down in a clear way to the comprehension of every one. The idea deduced practically is that Jesus Christ is a stepping-stone to God. To the ordinary mind, God is too vast, too abstract, to be comprehended; but when "God was manifest in the flesh," then the soul of man responded to what was revealed. To many, even Christ is too far away, revealed as he is only by the printed pages of the New Testament; and a stepping-stone is needed to bring us to the Christ. There are lesser Christs now living among us, souls who love deeply and who have a pervading purity and lofty aspiration. When one forms a strong friendship with such a person, the whole being is stirred with love, admiration, and a desire to emulate the virtues therein manifested. This is true worship and elevates the worshiper. Worship is too apt to be considered as a tribute that must be paid to Christ or God—something *demanded* by the higher from the lower. What worship really seems to be is a recognition of high and noble qualities in another, a deep love for the person possessing the noble character, an admiration for and a desire to emulate those qualities. The soul is stirred to the depths and reaches out spontaneously and voluntarily to the man or woman with the



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splendid character and lofty ideals, is enriched immeasurably by an attitude that is none other than true worship, and is thus raised greatly toward God. One says in effect as he recognizes in his joy: "If this is the creature, how much greater and higher must be the creator!" It is in this way that the worship of an aspiring soul elevates and enriches character. Let us praise the Infinite that he is manifested in the flesh, not in any one age, but in all times. G. C. C.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

### The Ascension of Christ

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In your issue for June 22, under the heading Notes and Queries, you say, in answering a correspondent:

> The physical ascension of Christ does not belong to the original tradition. Mark, except in the later appendix (xvi., 9–20), does not refer to any ascension. In Luke xxiv., 51 the words describing it are wanting in the oldest MSS., and are bracketed in critical editions.

I venture to suggest that you have done scant justice to the facts in the case in your attempt to pack your conclusion into a brief utterance. As to the textual aspects involved the only words omitted by any MS. are "and was carried up into heaven." The men who gave us the Revised Version had all the facts before them, and they make these words a part of their version, adding in the margin as to the above citation, "Some ancient authorities omit." Westcott and Hort, in their critical edition of the Greek New Testament, bracket the words indicated above, thereby indicating their judgment that the phrase was not an original part of Luke's Gospel, but they do so, as suggested by their footnote, not because they have any doubt concerning the fact of the ascension, but because "its true place was rather at the head of the Acts of the Apostles."

In this latter place, Acts i., 1–11, we find the ascension depicted with additional details, and in that account there is not the slightest question as to the text. Unless we take the ground that Luke wrote neither one of these accounts, the conclusion would seem to be irresistible that the account in Luke xxiv., 50–53, refers to the ascension, no matter what becomes of the questioned phrase, "and was carried into heaven." Moreover, the very latest critical authorities that I have at hand accept and advocate the fact of the ascension not only on the ground of its historicity, but because it is vitally related in their view with the resurrection and the ministry of our Lord, as constituting a fitting close to his life on earth "in a mode as gracious as it was sublime." These authorities, all of them recognized "higher critics," find no difficulty in accepting the account of the ascension as genuine and true. Dr. Plummer, in his volume on Luke's Gospel, in the International Critical Commentary Series, with the editorial sanction of Professors Driver and Briggs, deals with the incident as unquestionable fact, suggesting what "a writer of fiction," had he written this part of the Gospel, might have made the disciples do after the departure of their Lord. Hastings's "Bible Dictionary" represents the most assured results of modern critical investigation, and in it I find a consensus of judgment worth considering. The Rev. Dr. James Denney, of the Free Church College, Glasgow, writes in that dictionary the article on the ascension, treating it as the crowning fact, and one of the essential facts, in the life of Christ, and saying: "No kind of objection lies against the ascension which does not lie also against the resurrection. Its historicity is of the same kind, though the direct attestation of it is less." The Rev. Dr. William Sanday, of Christ Church, Oxford University, in this dictionary has an article on "Jesus Christ," which, when it appeared, became at once one of the notable writings in the realm of Biblical inquiry. In that article he argues that the resurrection in itself was incomplete; that the apostolical writers unanimously refer to the return of our Lord to the Father, his work done, his mission accomplished, as "a triumph;" and that, even conceding that the Gospels did not answer the question, How did our Lord enter upon his state of exaltation? the Book of Acts *does*, and that the answer therein contained is "not a myth," but a true account of his "ascent unto heaven." Am I not right and justifiable, then, in my contention that if these great critical authorities agree in regard to the essential importance and the historical verity of the account given us in the New Tes-

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tament of the ascension of our Lord; and, in view of the place this item occupies in the Apostles' Creed, where, through the ages, the Church has declared its belief in the truth, "He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty," the Outlook has meager critical ground for its conclusion that "the ascension does not belong to the original tradition"?

JESSE BOWMAN YOUNG.
Walnut Hills Methodist-Episcopal Church,
Cincinnati, O.

[In the nature of the case, replies in Notes and Queries must be given in the fewest possible words; therefore every word must be weighed by the reader, especially by the critic. Our statement was that the *physical* ascension of Christ, *i.e.*, his ascension in his physical body, does not belong to the original tradition. The ascension of Christ is naturally involved in his resurrection, and may be assumed as its logical sequel. It is the *mode* of it that is open to question, as is the *mode* of the resurrection. It seems to us that there is sufficient evidence for each as a *fact*, but that there is a considerable margin of inevitable doubt as to the attendant *phenomena*. See McGiffert: "Apostolic Age," page 38, note page 39; and Bacon: "Introduction to the New Testament," page 227.—THE EDITORS.]

### A Lost Chest

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

On April 7 or 8, 1865, an oaken chest was removed from the house of Mr. Beverly Scott in Cumberland County, Va., by some of the troops of General Grant's victorious army.

This chest contained, along with other things of more or less value to its possessors, the records of the family since the coming of the first Madison to America in the early part of the seventeenth century.

There were also some letters among the papers written by President James Madison to his cousin Henry Madison, of Charlotte County, Va., while the former occupied the White House.

I trust that, in the providence of God, these documents fell into the hands of one who recognized in them some historic value, and that thus they were saved from destruction.

If these lines should come under the eye of any one having knowledge of the chest or its contents, I would be greatly obliged to receive a communication to that effect.

Mrs. ALEXANDER H. AVERYT.
Shelby, Ala.

### The Right of Protection Against Liquor Selling

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

You emphasize, rightly, I think, that the great function of government is protection. You write: "American democracy assumes that the people of each locality are better able to take care of their own local interests than are those of any other locality;" and that "a local community may legitimately agree that it will allow no sale of liquor, except for medicinal purposes, within its bounds." Also you ask: "Has a rural community in Maine, which thinks the saloon is an injury, a right to prohibit the saloon to the people of Bangor or Portland who entertain a different opinion?" No, certainly not; they should have no voice in the matter unless they have interests in common. Allow me to ask another question. Would Bangor or Portland have a right to sell liquor, when by so doing they infringe upon the rights of protection of the neighboring communities which have no voice in the matter? Certainly not.

The question now arises, How far should the power of protection be exercised by the local community and how far by the State? Let us endeavor to answer this question by the principle already quoted, "The people of each locality are better able to take care of their own local interests than are those of any other locality." So long as the interests are local all the people of the whole locality should have the right to protect themselves. How local is the saloon? Biddeford, which would, probably because of its large foreign population, vote for the licensed saloon, would infringe upon the rights of protection of Saco, Lewiston upon Auburn, Bangor upon Brewer. I have mentioned cities which are separated only by bridges, but steam and electricity are making our communities large which have common interests upon the liquor question. This large community is at present divided into several cities and towns. How can this

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large local community have common representation upon these purely local interests? This suggestion may be made: Let us enlarge our community (as New York has done, only on a smaller scale) to include all the people of common interest. Here we face another difficulty; this larger community may have like interests in protection from the saloon, but very unlike interest in taxes and appropriations.

We grant that no method of government will be perfect, but the most practical method at present seems to be to ask the State to protect us. There may be one of these larger local communities at present misrepresented by our laws, but this is to be doubted, for Maine is practically a rural community, as we had only six cities with a population over 10,000 in 1890. We should also observe that our largest city, Portland, when aroused and in part freed from the corrupt party machines, did well its part in electing the county prohibition candidate for sheriff when the first issue of the campaign was prohibition.

With a few local observations, where lawlessness can be seen by the blind, I am convinced that the cause for these sad conditions is not that one State has taken away powers which belong to the local communities, but that we lack men of real manhood in public office. The lack of men in positions of public trust is due to the evil which you discuss in the first half of your paper, the present political machine.

Biddeford, Me. J. A. PUFFER.

# Notes and Queries

*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.*

Please inform me where and how I may obtain some of the addresses delivered at the seventy-sixth anniversary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association in London last month. I am interested more particularly in the anniversary sermon by Stopford Brooke, the paper by Mrs. Humphry Ward, and the address of the President of the Sunday-School Association, which several productions elicited editorial comment in The Outlook of June 15. W. B.

The Rev. Mr. Brooke's sermon was announced as to be published in "The Christian World Pulpit," 13 Fleet Street, London, about June 1—price one penny (2 cents). For information concerning the other addresses you should write to the Unitarian Association, Essex Street, Strand, London. British publications can be ordered through the American News Company, New York.

What books, not exceeding $15 cost, would be most helpful in preparing a series of sermons on the beginnings of Christianity among different peoples ancient and modern? J. M. W.

Barnes's "Two Thousand Years Before Carey" (the story of Christian Missions) is the best single volume on this subject, and contains the cream of many, besides a select bibliography (The Christian Culture Press, Chicago, $1.50).

Can you give me the titles and name of publishers of any books on the Jews, their religion, mission, and especially their Messianic hope? A. B. X.

Address the Jewish Religious School Union, requesting a copy of their bulletin of publications and works of reference (119 East Sixty-fifth Street, New York).

Whom is Paul quoting in Acts xvii., 28? M. S. L.

Aratus, a Greek poet of Soli in Cilicia, about 270 B.C.

What set of books would you recommend for study to one wishing a good knowledge of modern strategy and tactics? A. M. C.

See Professor Mercur's "Elements of the Art of War," J. B. Wheeler's "Art and Science of War," Sir E. B. Hamley's "Operations of War," Baron Jomini's "Art of War." For the prices inquire of G. P. Putman's Sons, New York.

In reply to "G. M.," page 418 of your issue for June 15, I beg to state that the tapestries referred to (three in number) were presented to General Philip H. Sheridan by John W. Mackay. They were purchased (through James Jackson Jarves, who found them in a villa near Bologna) by Colonel J. Schuyler Crosby, in 1880, who was then Consul at Florence, Italy, to whom Mr. Mackay left the selection of a present to General Sheridan. The subject is "Alexander the Great." These tapestries are the property of Mrs. Sheridan, and are at present in the Smithsonian Museum in Washington, D.C., for safe-keeping, being too large for Mrs. Sheridan's present house. J. S. C.

I see an inquiry as to where D. J. Snider's Commentary on Dante can be procured. It can be had at A. C. McClurg's, Chicago, or Sigma Publishing Co., 210 Pine Street, St. Louis. They are not out of print, and they are very valuable. Mr. Snider also has commentaries on Shakespeare's Plays and on Goethe's "Faust." E. C. B.

The order of the two Trollope series is as follows: *The Chronicles of Barset:* 1. "The Warden;" 2. "Barchester Towers;" 3. "Framley Parsonage;" 4. "Dr. Thorne;" 5. "The Small House at Arlington;" 6. Last Chronicles of Barset." *The Parliamentary Novels:* 1. "Can You Forgive Her?" 2. "Phineas Finn;" 3. Phineas Redux;" 4. "The Prime Minister." D. C. M.

In Cardinal Newman's "Historical Sketches," Volume III., page 163, is the following quotation:

"What sages would have died to learn
(Is) taught by cottage Dames."

Will some of your readers direct me to its source? KEEN.

Can you tell me the author of a short poem of four stanzas, entitled "The Path," beginning:

He chose this path for thee;
No feeble chance, no hard, relentless fate,
But love, His love, hath placed thy footsteps here.

H. T.

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